



** CONTENTS **

INTRODUCTION	4
HOME THOUGHTS	5
Fun and Fantasy	15
Sunshine and Showers	31
SEASONS' GREETINGS	37
CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL	43
VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE	67
Over Land and Sea	77
SING SOMETHING SIMPLE	85
Who's Out There?	101
GOLDEN DAYS, SILVER NIGHTS	107
Reflections	115
STUFF AND NONSENSE!	122
INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES	124
INDEX OF AUTHORS	127
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	128
	Home Thoughts Fun and Fantasy Sunshine and Showers Seasons' Greetings Creatures Great and Small Very Special People Over Land and Sea Sing Something Simple Who's Out There? Golden Days, Silver Nights Reflections Stuff and Nonsense! Index of Titles and First Lines Index of Authors



- INTRODUCTION -

An enticing volume of verse is as vital for a child as vitamin C. If we've encouraged a baby's instinctive pleasure in the sounds and rhythms of words, even before it could say any itself, it will quickly come to appreciate the potency of language. We'll have given it an essential power-tool for getting through life.

All very worthy – yet it doesn't explain why a book like this was such fun for me as an adult to compile and, I hope, for you to read.

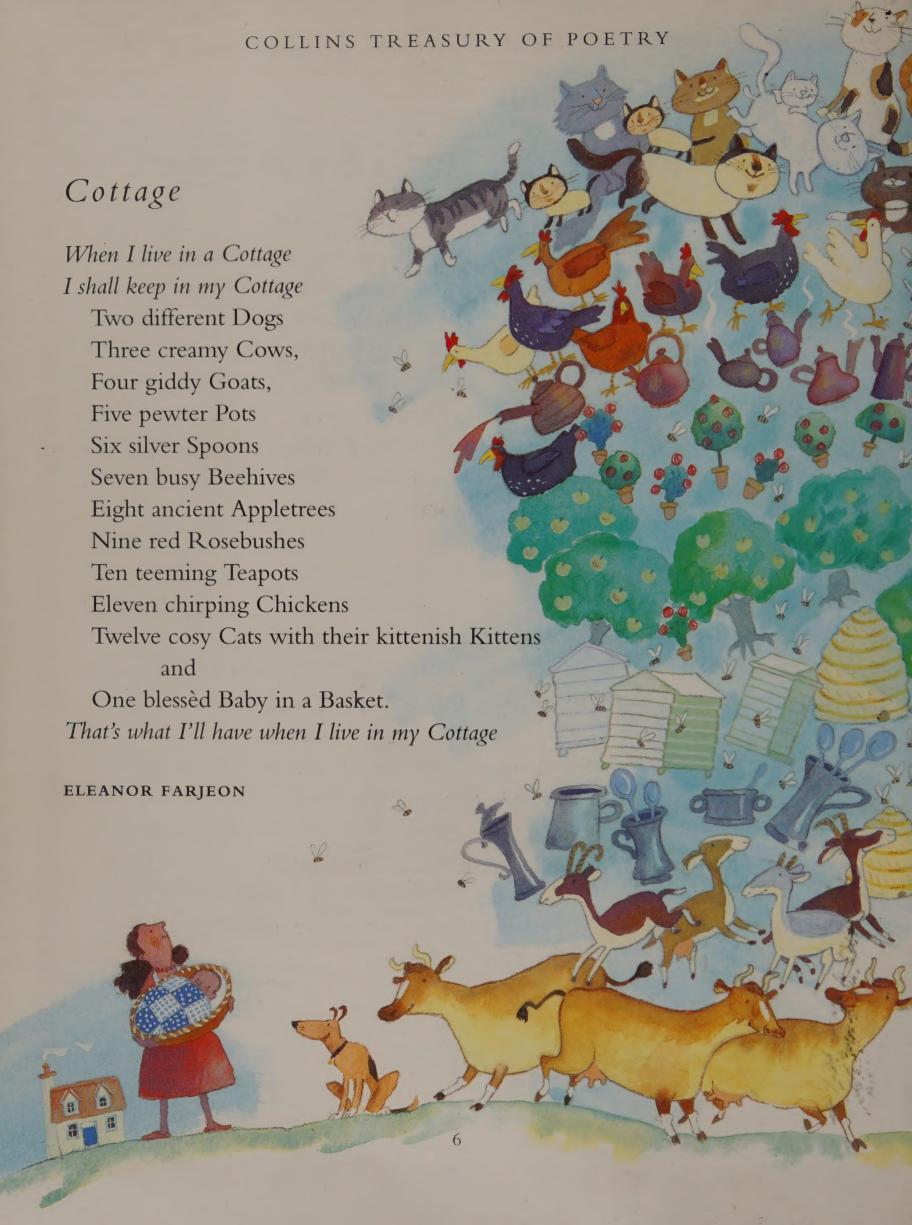
The answer must lie in the joy of sharing a creepy story or a glistening landscape, a puzzle, a bouncy song or a piece of gobbledygook — especially if you're lucky enough to have a child to cuddle at the same time. Perhaps these verses allow us to go back to the world the young inhabit, one where everyday experiences are revelations and emotions fresh, one of gloriously simple jokes, of innocence and optimism.

Literature for centuries has taken it for granted we will catch its formal echoes of our childhood chants, but there is still a jolt of pleasure when we rediscover an actual rhyme and the long-ago memories it brings to life. So what I am offering here is an enduring collection of classic verse, from traditional sources and the familiarly revered as well as from contemporary poets – the seeds for a lifelong literary harvest.

Stephanie Nettell

HOMETHOUGHTS







Just When...

It's always the same.

Just when you're playing a game;

Just when it's exciting

And interesting

With everyone racing

And chasing,

Just when you're having so much fun,

Somebody always wants something done.

MAX FATCHEN

The Window

Behind the blinds I sit and watch The people passing – passing by; And not a single one can see My tiny watching eye.

They cannot see my little room,
All yellowed with the shaded sun,
They do not even know I'm here;
Nor'll guess when I am gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE



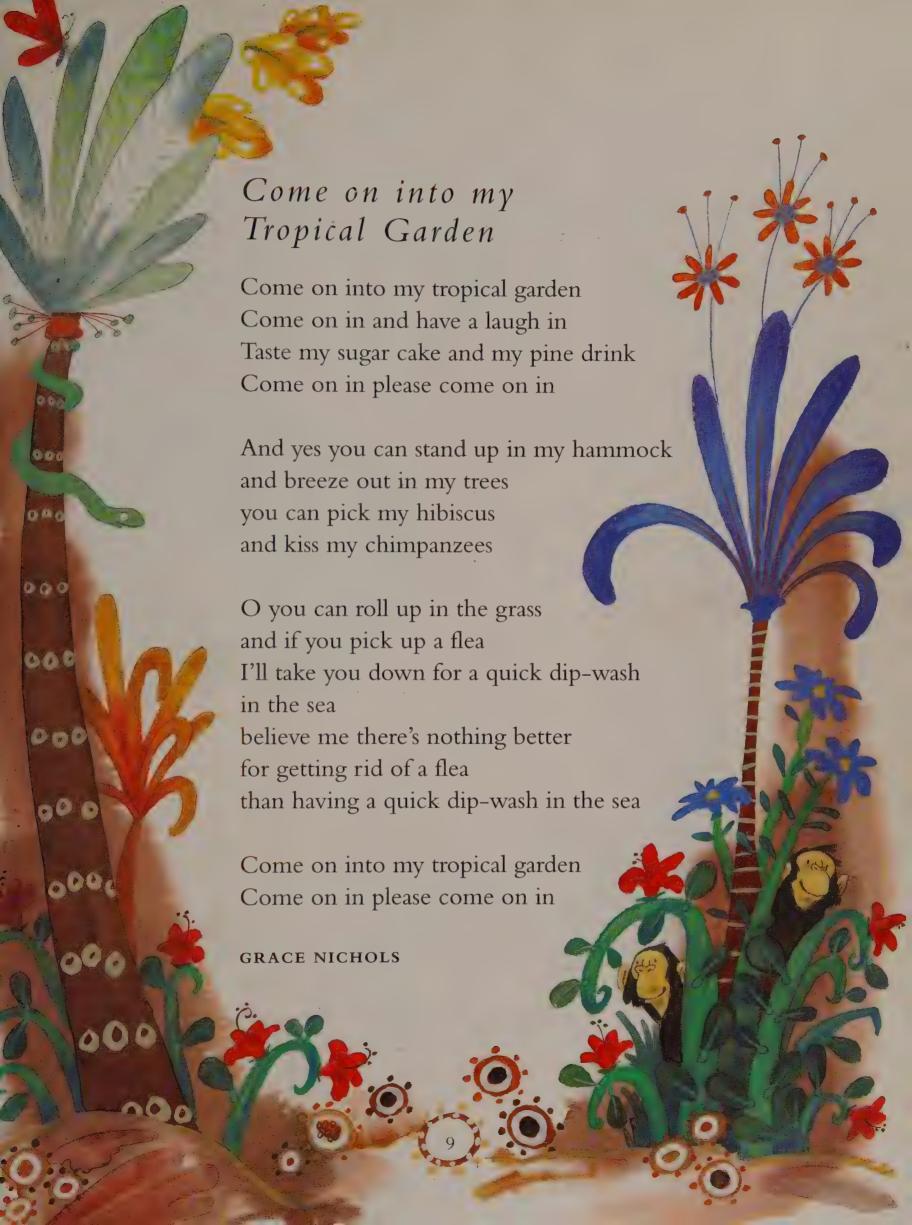
In the Street

The fat old pillar-box in the street
Has a red and black jersey down to its feet
And keeps its big mouth open wide
To take the letters into its inside.

In the evening in the cold and damp
On one long leg stands the new street lamp.
High above us in its beak it holds
A golden fish it caught in the road.

The light at the crossing goes in and out As if someone were blowing up And letting down a round balloon Or switching on and off the moon.

STANLEY COOK

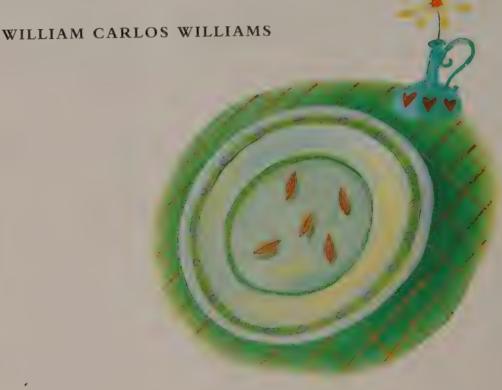


This is Just to Say

I have eaten the plums that were in the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me they were delicious so sweet and so cold



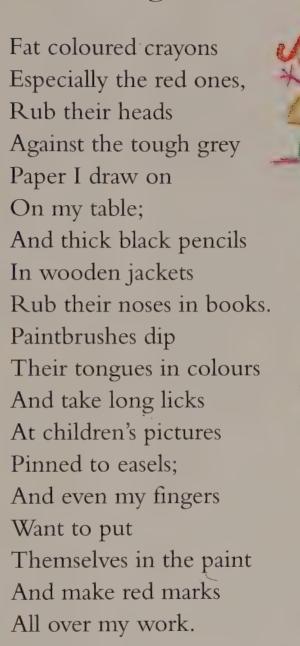


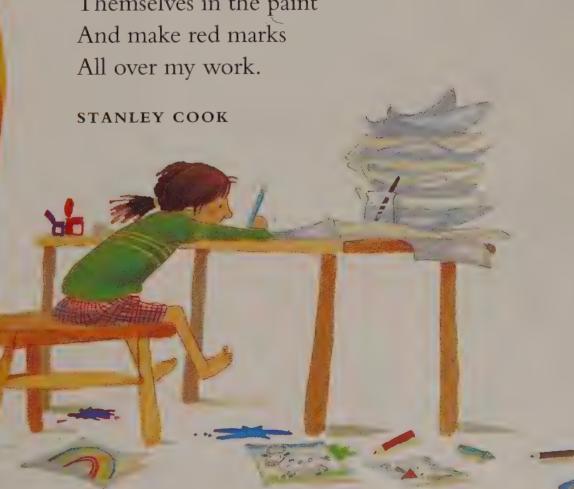
I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life;
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

ANON



Colouring



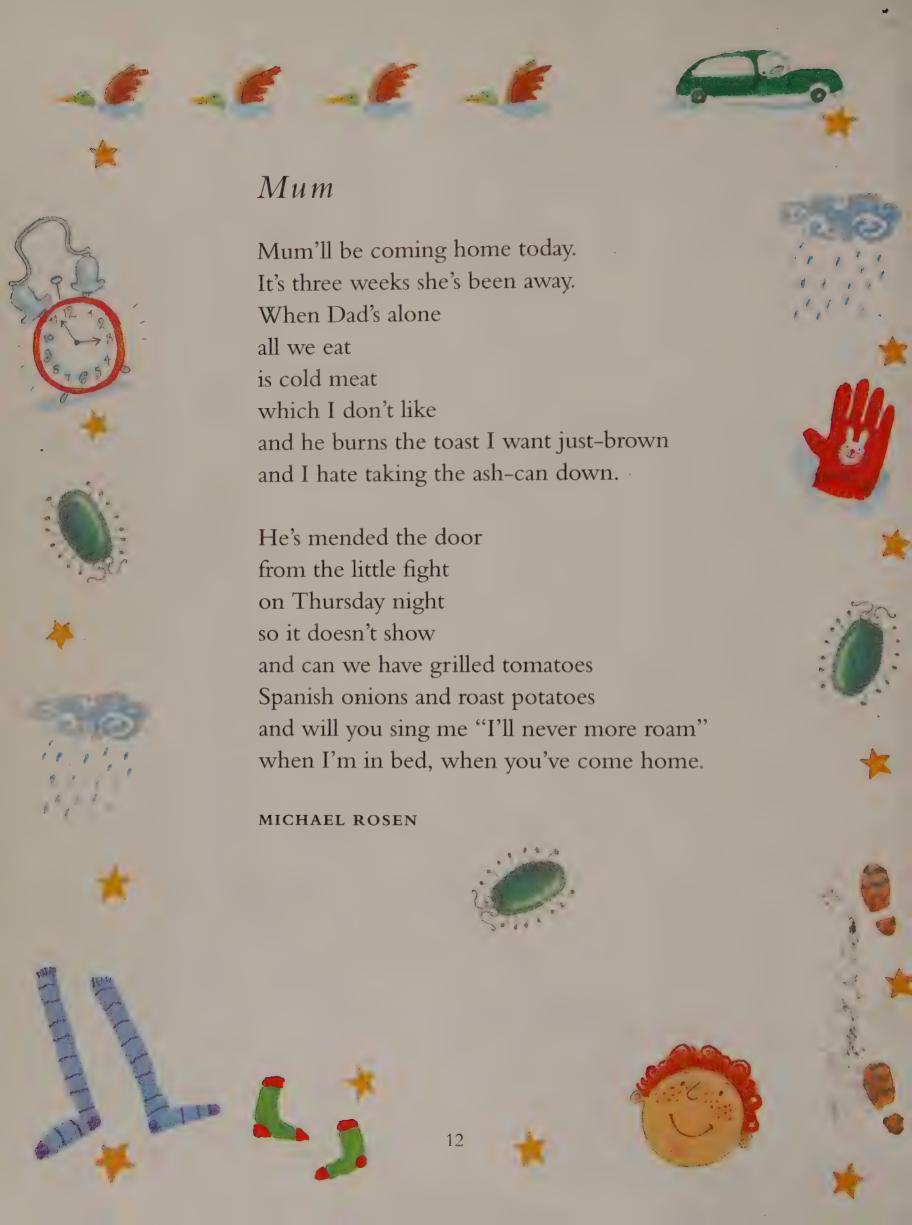


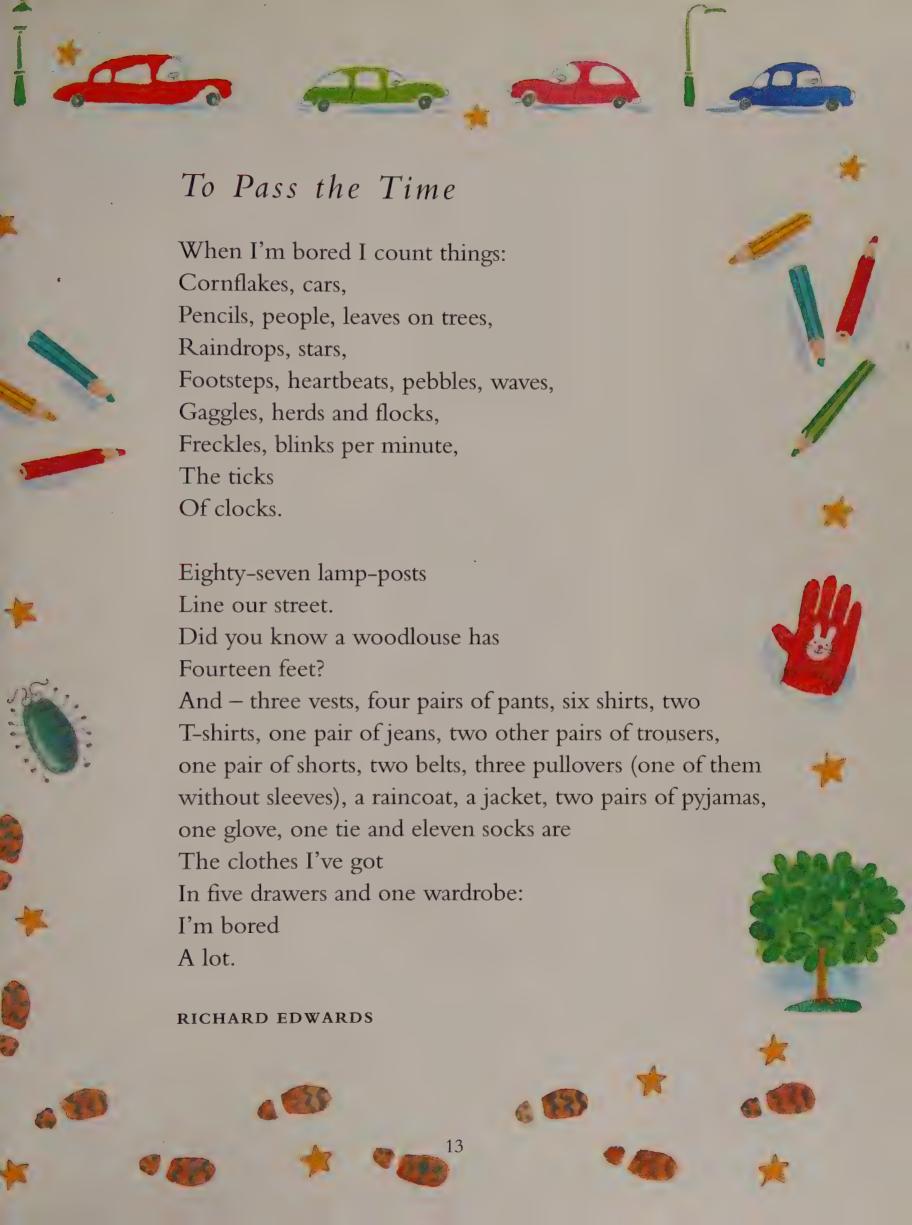


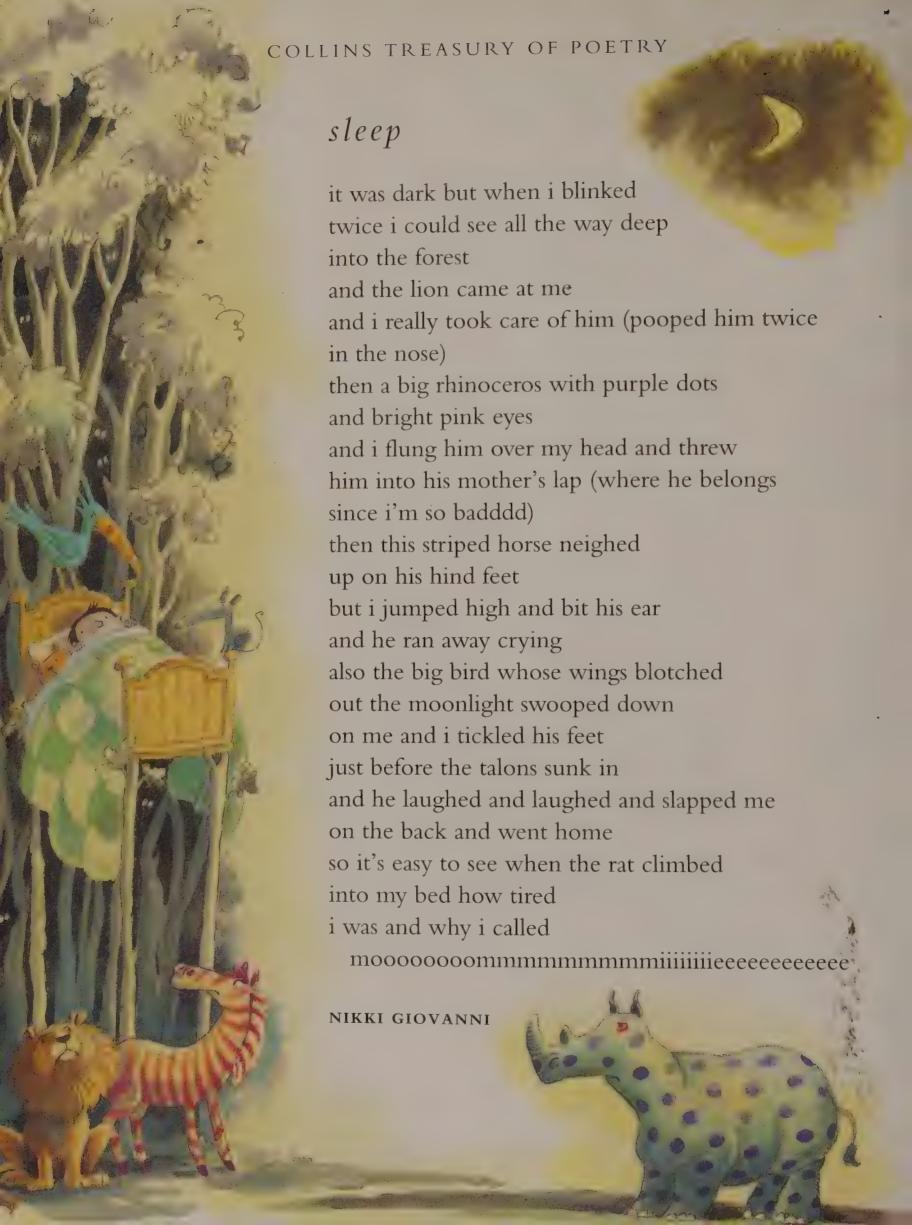






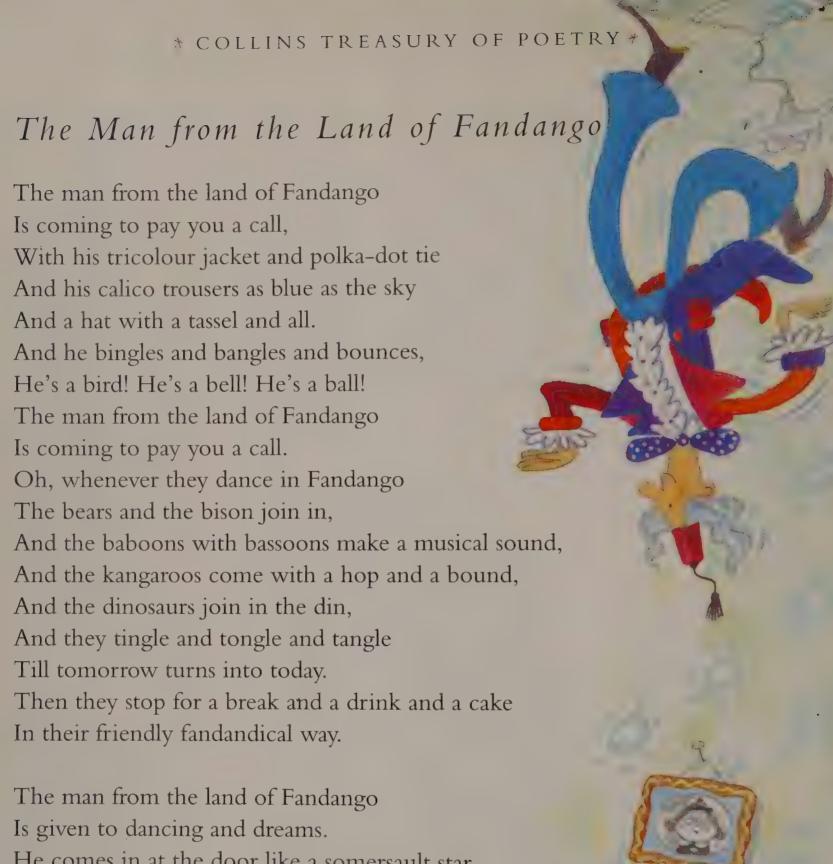






FUN AND * FANTASY *





In an from the land of Fandango
Is given to dancing and dreams.

He comes in at the door like a somersault star
And he juggles with junkets and jam in a jar
And custards and caramel creams.

And he jingles and jongles and jangles
As he dances on ceilings and walls,
And he appears every five hundred years
So you'd better be home when he calls.

MARGARET MAHY

Moon-Transport

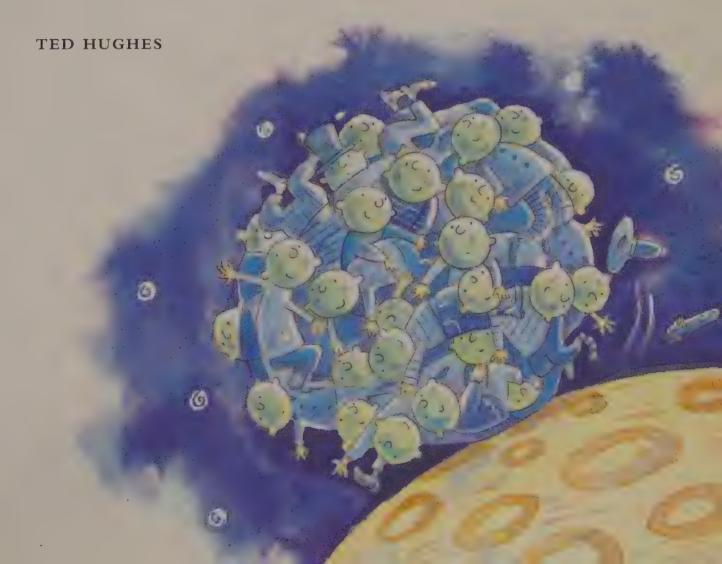
Some people on the moon are so idle They will not so much as saunter, much less sidle.

But if they cannot bear to walk, or try, How do they get to the places where they lie?

They gather together, as people do for a bus. "All aboard, whoever's coming with us."

Then they climb on to each other till they are all Clinging in one enormous human ball.

Then they roll, and so, without lifting their feet, Progress quite successfully down the street.



He was a Rat

He was a rat, and she was a rat, And down in one hole they did dwell, And both were as black as a witch's cat, And they loved each other well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail, Both long and curling and fine; And each said, "Yours is the finest tail In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese, And they both pronounced it good; And both remarked it would greatly add To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out, And I saw them go with pain; But what befell them I never can tell, For they never came back again.

ANON



There was an Old Woman

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket Nineteen times as high as the moon; Where she was going I couldn't but ask it, For in her hand she carried a broom.

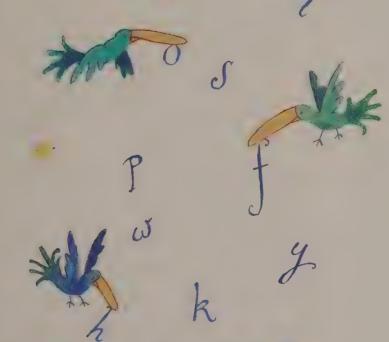
"Old woman, old woman," quoth I, "Oh whither, Oh whither, so high?" "To brush the cobwebs off the sky!" "Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by-and-by."

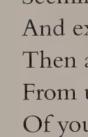


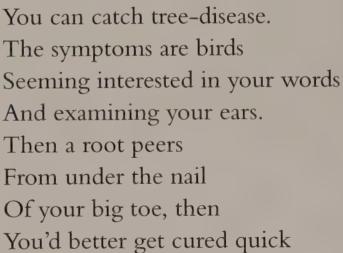










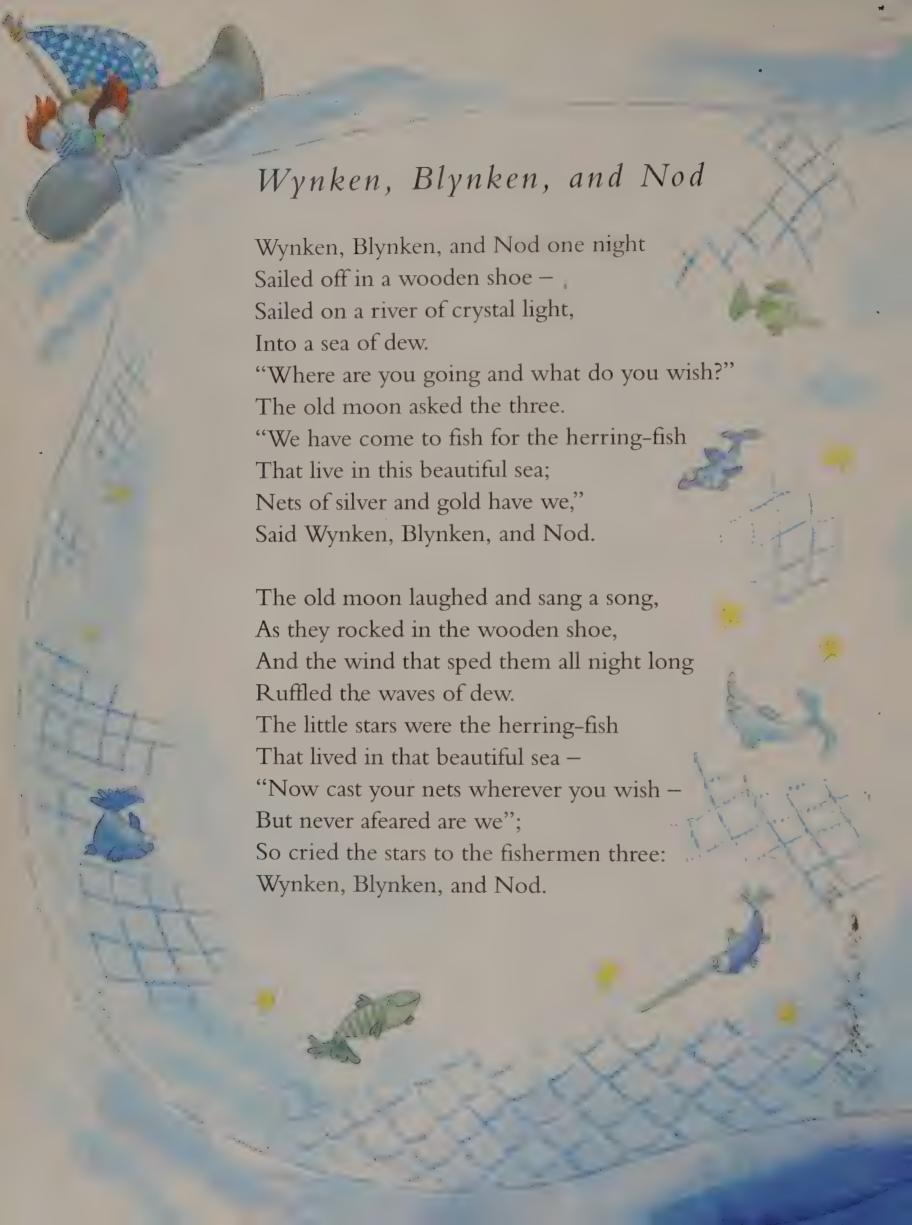


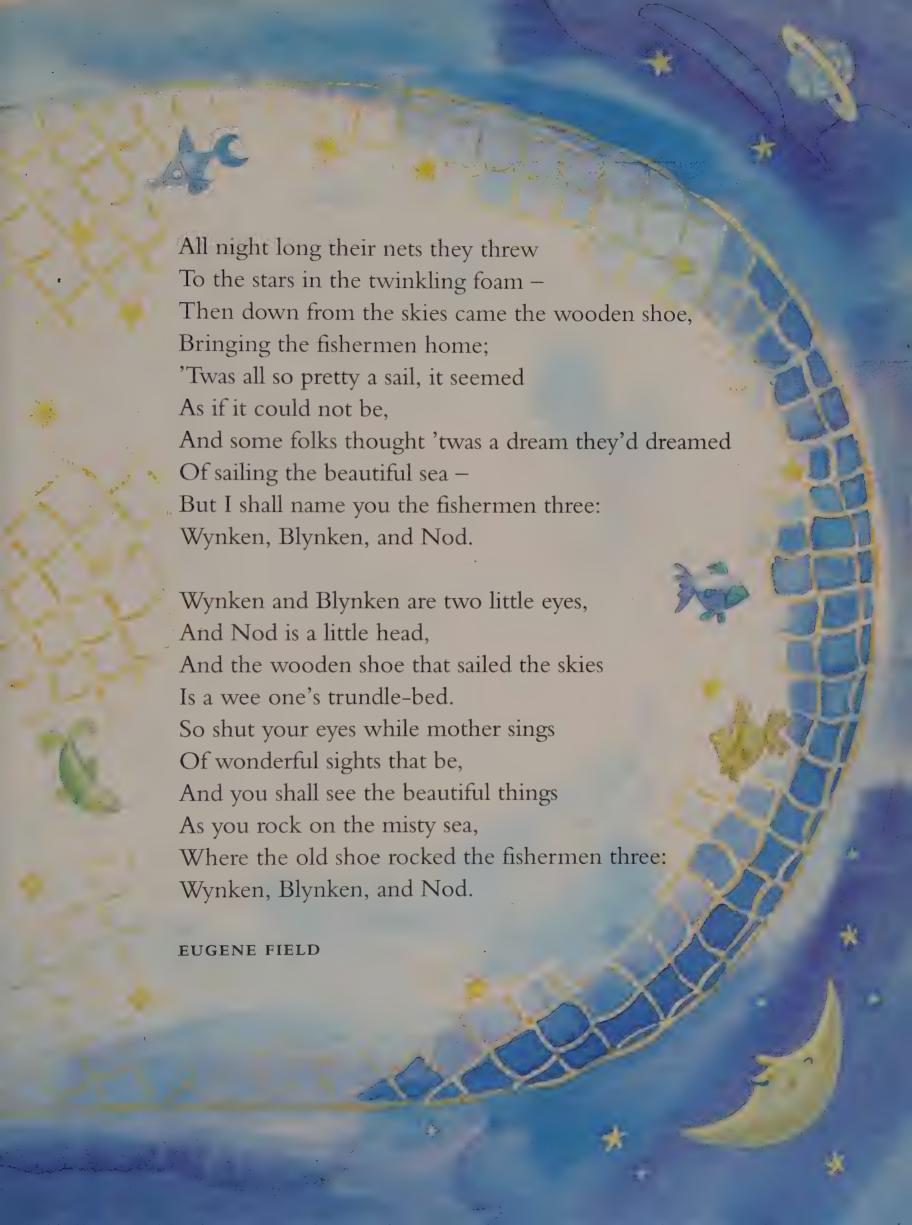
On the moon with great ease

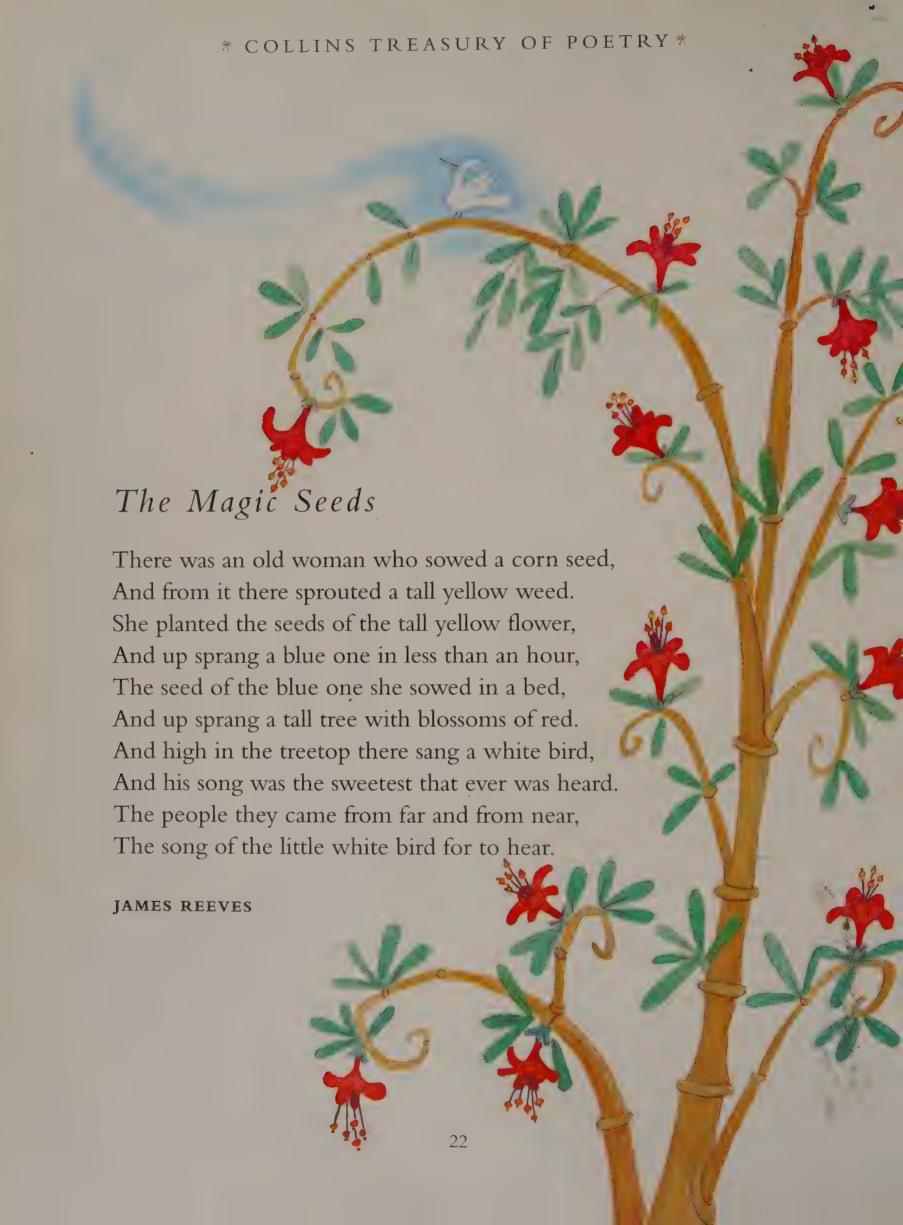
Or you'll be really sick.

TED HUGHES









Not a Very Cheerful Song, I'm Afraid

There was a gloomy lady,
With a gloomy duck and a gloomy drake,
And they all three wandered gloomily,
Beside a gloomy lake,
On a gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, gloomy, day.

Now underneath that gloomy lake
The gloomy lady's gone.
But the gloomy duck and the gloomy drake
Swim on and on and on,
On a gloomy, g

ADRIAN MITCHELL



The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

I

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,

They took some honey, and plenty of money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,

And sang to a small guitar,

"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,

"What a beautiful Pussy you are,

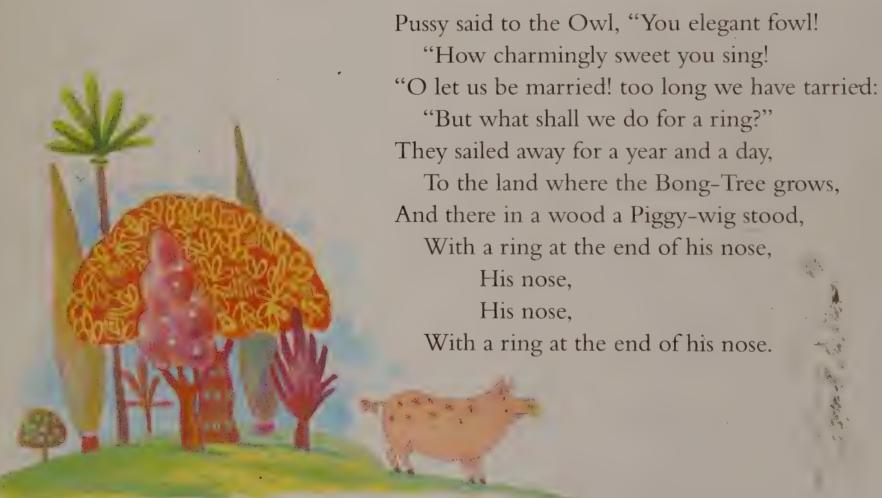
"You are,

"You are!

"What a beautiful Pussy you are!"



II



24

Ш

"Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR



Mr Blob

My heart went out to Mr Blob the moment that we met, And the manner of his coming is a thing I can't forget. It fell upon a Sunday in the merry month of June, Between a rainy morning and a rainy afternoon.

He didn't use the window, and he didn't use the door; He never took his hat off, and he never touched the floor; He didn't look as if he'd grown, like us: he just began, And he stood before us there, a simple English gentleman.

He wasn't very dandified or dainty in his dress,
But the absence of his trousers seemed to cause him no distress,
For the smile upon his features was a marvel to behold,
And underneath that buttoned vest there beat a heart of gold.



He wasn't long among us: all too little had been said
When a heavy hand descended on his inoffensive head,
And a Voice delivered judgement: "Mr Blob is far too stout;
He's a silly little fellow, and I mean to rub him out."

He didn't seem offended, but I think he must have heard, For he rose up from the paper and he went without a word. His boots and buttons only lingered on a little while, And the last of him to vanish was the vestige of a smile.

O Mr Blob, the world would be a very pleasant place
If everyone resembled you in figure and in face.
If everybody went about with open arms like you
The stars would all be brighter and the sky a bluer blue.

My heart went out to Mr Blob the moment that we met, And the sorrow of his going is a thing that haunts me yet; For often when the clouds are low I sit at home and sob To think that I shall see no more the face of Mr Blob.

E.V. RIEU



The King of China's daughter,
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water
Left her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me
Made of painted notes of singing birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg field
I skipped across the sea
And neither sun nor moon my dear
Has yet caught me.

EDITH SITWELL



The Key of the Kingdom

This is the Key of the Kingdom:
In that Kingdom there is a city;
In that city is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there winds a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there waits a room;
In that room an empty bed;
And on that bed a basket —
A basket of sweet flowers:

Of flowers, of flowers;

A basket of sweet flowers.

Flowers in a basket;
Basket on the bed;
Bed in the chamber;
Chamber in the house;
House in the weedy yard;
Yard in the winding lane;
Lane in the broad street;
Street in the high town;
Town in the city;
City in the Kingdom –
This is the Key of the Kingdom.

Of the Kingdom this is the Key.

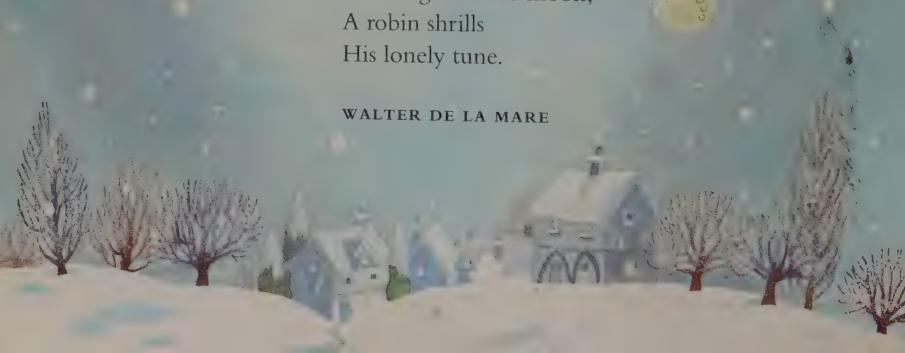
ANON

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS

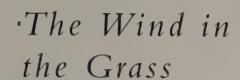


Snow

No breath of wind, No gleam of sun -Still the white snow Whirls softly down -Twig and bough And blade and thorn All in an icy Quiet, forlorn. Whispering, rustling, Through the air, On sill and stone, Roof – everywhere, It heaps its powdery Crystal flakes, Of every tree A mountain makes; Till pale and faint At shut of day, Stoops from the West One wintry ray. And feathered in fire, Where ghosts the moon,



SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS &



The green grass is bowing,

The morning wind is in it,

'Tis a tune worth thy knowing,

Though it change every minute.

RALPH W. EMERSON



The Rain

I hear leaves drinking Rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

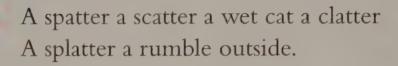
And when the Sun comes out,
After this Rain shall stop,
A wondrous Light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright:
'Twill be a lovely sight.

W.H. DAVIES

Weather

Dot a dot dot dot a dot dot Spotting the windowpane.

Spack a spack speck flick a flack fleck Freckling the windowpane.



Umbrella umbrella umbrella Bumbershoot barrell of rain.

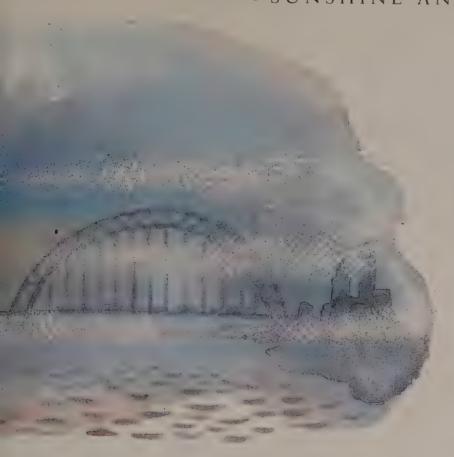
Slosh a galosh slosh a galosh Slither and slather a glide

A puddle a jump a puddle a jump A puddle a jump puddle splosh

A juddle a pump a luddle a dump A pudmuddle jump in and slide!

EVE MERRIAM





Fog

The fog comes on little cat feet. It sits looking

over harbour and city on silent haunches and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

Chips

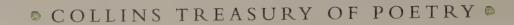
Out of the paper bag
Comes the hot breath of the chips
And I shall blow on them
To stop them burning my lips.

Before I leave the counter
The woman shakes
Raindrops of vinegar on them
And salty snowflakes.

Outside the frosty pavements Are slippery as a slide But the chips and I Are warm inside.



STANLEY COOK



I am the Rain

I am the rain
I like to play games
like sometimes
I pretend
I'm going
to fall
Man, that's the time
I don't come at all

Like sometimes
I get these laughing stitches
up my sides
rushing people in
and out
with the clothesline
Ljust love drip
dropping
down collars
and spines
Maybe it's a shame
but it's the only way
I get some fame

GRACE NICHOL'S



springtime

in springtime the violets
grow in the sidewalk cracks
and the ants play furiously
at my gym-shoed toes
carrying off a half-eaten peanut
butter sandwich i had at lunch
and sometimes i crumble
my extra graham crackers
and on the rainy days i take off
my yellow space hat and splash
all the puddles on Pendry Street and not one
cold can catch me

Pippa's Song

The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven –
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING



Child's Song in Spring

The silver birch is a dainty lady,

She wears a satin gown;

The elm-tree makes the churchyard shady,

She will not live in town.

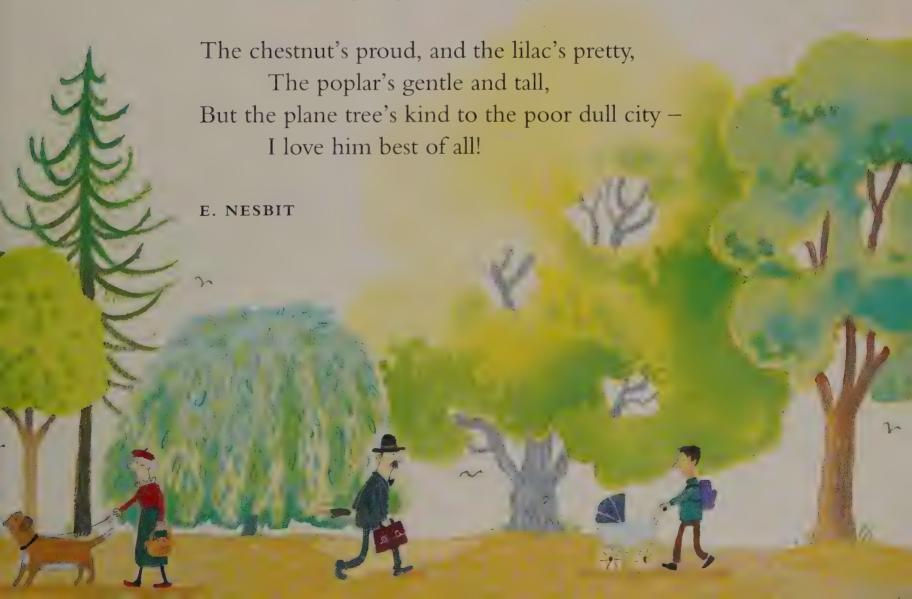
The English oak is a sturdy fellow;

He gets his green coat late;

The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,

While brown the beech trees wait.

Such a gay green gown God gives the larches —
As green as He is good!
The hazels hold up their arms for arches
When Spring rides through the wood.

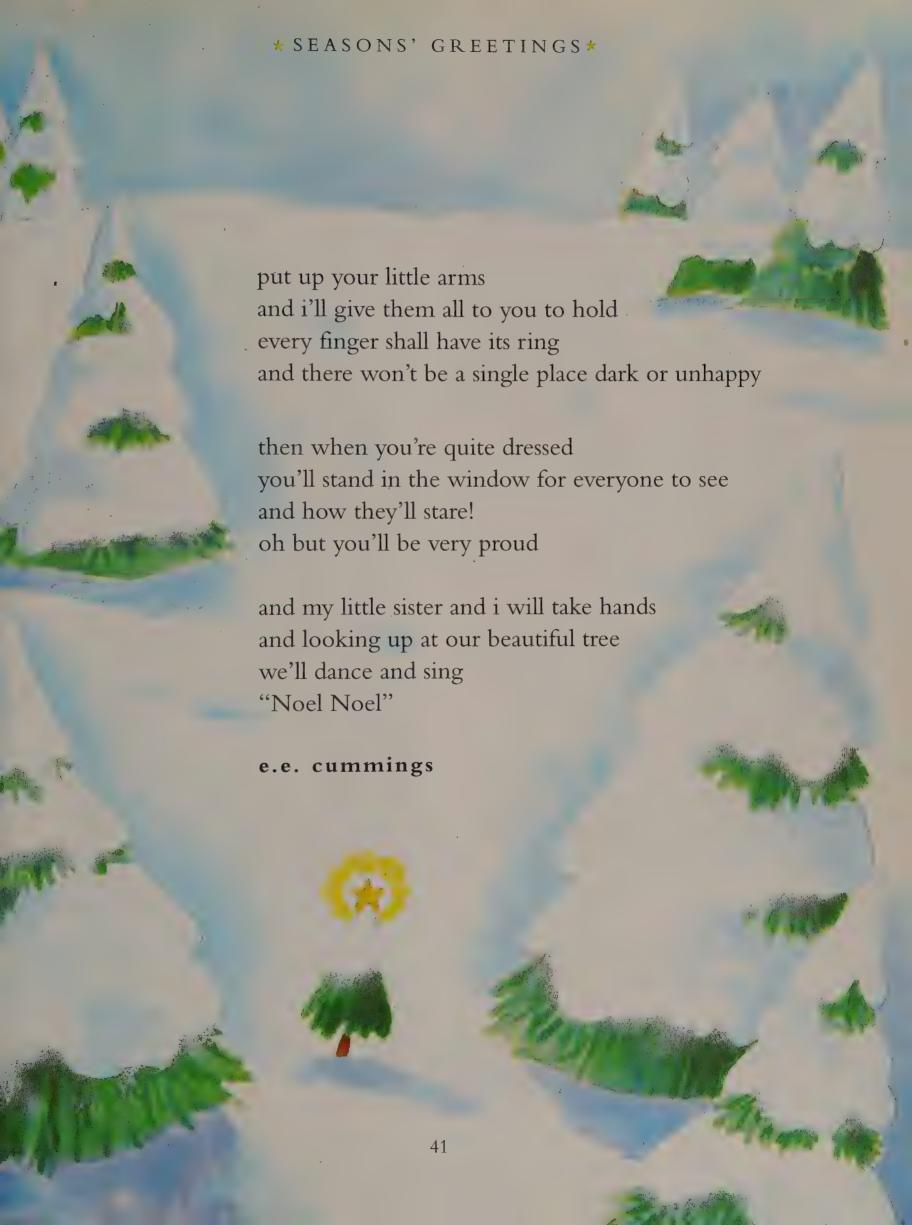


little tree little silent Christmas tree you are so little you are more like a flower

who found you in the green forest and were you very sorry to come away? see i will comfort you because you smell so sweetly

i will kiss your cool bark and hug you safe and tight just as your mother would, only don't be afraid

look the spangles
that sleep all the year in a dark box
dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,
the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,



The Waiting Game

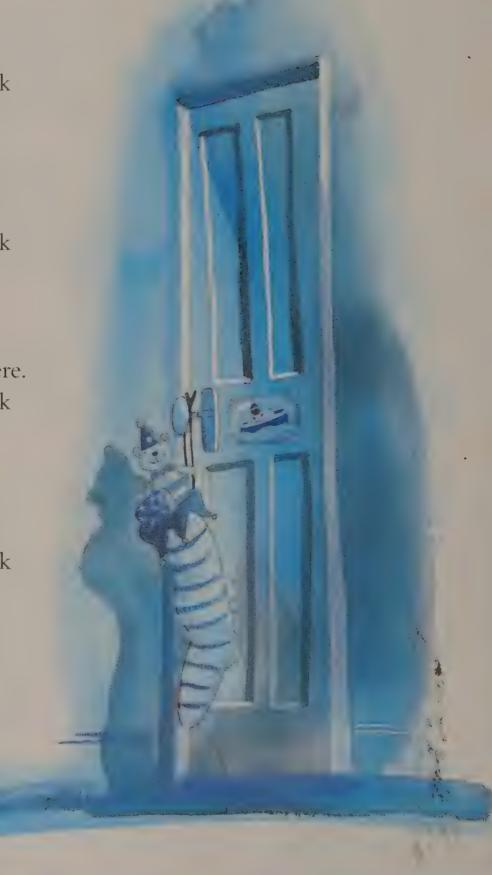
Nuts and marbles in the toe,
An orange in the heel,
A Christmas stocking in the dark
Is wonderful to feel.

Shadowy, bulging length of leg
That crackles when you clutch,
A Christmas stocking in the dark
Is marvellous to touch.

You lie back on your pillow
But that shape's still hanging there.
A Christmas stocking in the dark
Is very hard to bear,

So try to get to sleep again
And chase the hours away.
A Christmas stocking in the dark
Must wait for Christmas Day.

JOHN MOLE



CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL



The City Mouse and the Garden Mouse

The city mouse lives in a house;

The garden mouse lives in a bower,

He's friendly with the frogs and toads,

And sees the pretty plants in flower.

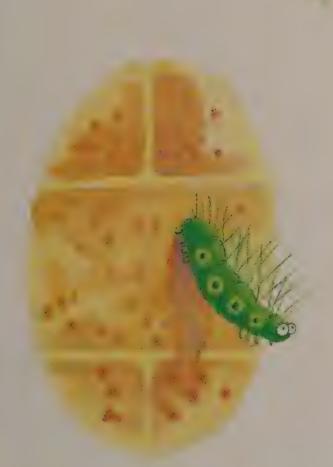
The city mouse eats bread and cheese;

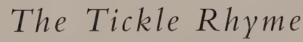
The garden mouse eats what he can;

We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,

Poor little timid furry man.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI





"Who's that tickling my back?" said the wall.

"Me," said a small

Caterpillar. "I'm learning

To crawl."

IAN SERRAILLIER





Squirrel

With a rocketing rip Squirrel will zip Up a tree-bole As if down a hole.

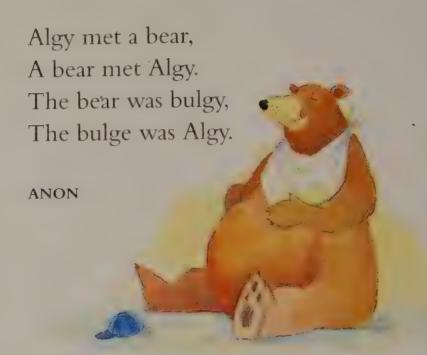
He jars to a stop With tingling ears. He has two gears: Freeze and top.

Then up again, plucky As a jockey Galloping a Race--Horse into space.

TED HUGHES



Algy



The Caterpillar

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

The Snare

I hear a sudden cry of pain!

There is a rabbit in a snare:

Now I hear the cry again,

But I cannot tell from where.

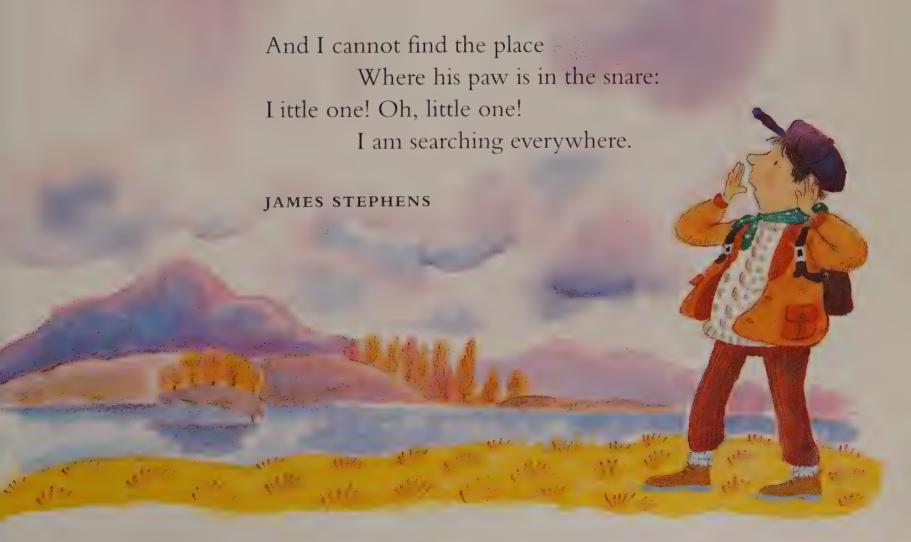
But I cannot tell from where

He is calling out for aid;

Crying on the frightened air,

Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!



Hide and Seek

Looking for Daisy
This way and that,
Try in the hayloft:
"Miaow," says the cat.

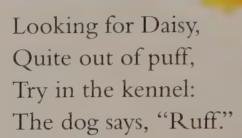


Looking for Daisy, Haven't a clue, Try in the farmyard: The cow says, "Moo."



Looking for Daisy
All round the house,
Try in the cellar:
"Squeak," says the mouse.







Looking for Daisy, Oh, help me, please! Try in the garden: "Buzz," say the bees.



Looking for Daisy
Most of the day,
Try in the stable:
The horse says: "Neigh."

Looking for Daisy, Where did she go! * Sitting and thinking: Suddenly, "Bo!"





"Daisy! Oh, Daisy!
I must have walked miles.
Where were you hiding?"
Daisy just smiles.

RICHARD EDWARDS

My Dog

My dog is such a gentle soul,
Although he's big it's true.
He brings the paper in his mouth.
He brings the postman too.

MAX FATCHEN



The Little Black Hen

Berryman and Baxter,
Prettiboy and Penn
And old Farmer Middleton
Are five big men...
And all of them were after
The Little Black Hen.

She ran quickly,
They ran fast;
Baxter was first, and
Berryman was last.
I sat and watched
By the old plum-tree...
She squawked through the hedge
And she came to me.

The Little Black Hen
Said, "Oh, it's you!"
I said, "Thank you,
How do you do?
And please will you tell me,
Little Black Hen,
What did they want,
Those five big men?"

The Little Black Hen
She said to me:
"They want me to lay them
An egg for tea.
If they were Emperors,
If they were Kings,
I'm much too busy
To lay them things."

"I'm not a King
And I haven't a crown:
I climb up trees,
And I tumble down.
I can shut one eye,
I can count to ten,
So lay me an egg, please,
Little Black Hen."

The Little Black Hen said,
"What will you pay,
If I lay you an egg
For Easter Day?"

"I'll give you a Please
And a How-do-you-do,
I'll show you a Bear
Who lives in the Zoo,
I'll show you the nettle-place
On my leg,
If you'll lay me a great big
Eastery egg."

The Little Black Hen
Said, "I don't care
For a How-do-you-do
Or a Big-brown-bear,
But I'll lay you a beautiful
Eastery egg,
If you'll show me the nettle-place
On your leg."

I showed her the place
Where I had my sting.
She touched it gently
With one black wing.
"Nettles don't hurt
If you count to ten.
And now for the egg,"
Said the Little Black Hen.

When I wake up
On Easter Day,
I shall see my egg
She's promised to lay.
If I were Emperors,
If I were Kings,
It couldn't be fuller
Of wonderful things.

Berryman and Baxter,

ace Prettiboy and Penn,

And old Farmer Middleton

Are five big men.

All of them are wanting

An egg for their tea,

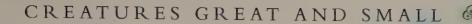
But the Little Black Hen is much too busy,

The Little Black Hen is MUCH too busy.

She's laying my egg for me!

A.A. MILNE





Spin Me a Web, Spider

Spin me a web, spider, Across the window-pane For I shall never break it And make you start again.

Cast your net of silver
As soon as it is spun,
And hang it with the morning dew
That glitters in the sun.

It's strung with pearls and diamonds, The finest ever seen, Fit for any royal King Or any royal Queen.

Would you, could you, bring it down In the dust to lie?

Any day of the week, my dear,

Said the nimble fly.

CHARLES CAUSLEY



Worm

Lowly, slowly,
A pink, wet worm
Sings in the rain:
O see me squirm

Along the path.
I warp and wind.
I'm searching hard.
If I could find

My elbow, my hair, My hat, my shoe, I'd look as pretty As you, and you.

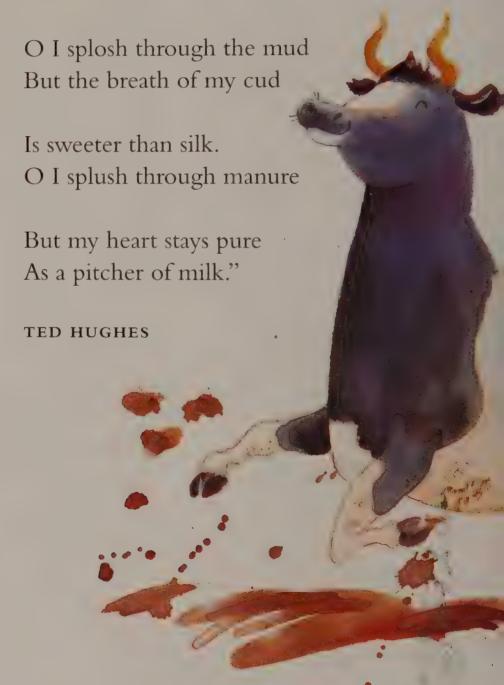
TED HUGHES

Cow

The Cow comes home swinging Her udder and singing:

"The dirt O the dirt It does me no hurt.

And a good splash of muck Is a blessing of luck.



Cat Warmth

All afternoon,
My cat sleeps,
On the end of my bed.

When I creep my toes

Down between the cold sheets,

I find a patch of cat-warmth

That he's left behind;

An invisible gift.

JOHN CUNLIFFE



Cat in the Dark

Look at that!

Look at that!

But when you look there's no cat.

Without a purr just a flash of fur and gone like a ghost.

The most you see are two tiny green traffic lights staring at the night.

JOHN AGARD

The Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens lost their mittens;

And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother dear,

We very much fear

That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!

You naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie!"

"Mee-ow, mee-ow,"

"No, you shall have no pie."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow."



And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother dear,

See here, see here!

See, we have found our mittens!"

"Put on your mittens,

You silly kittens,

And you may have some pie."

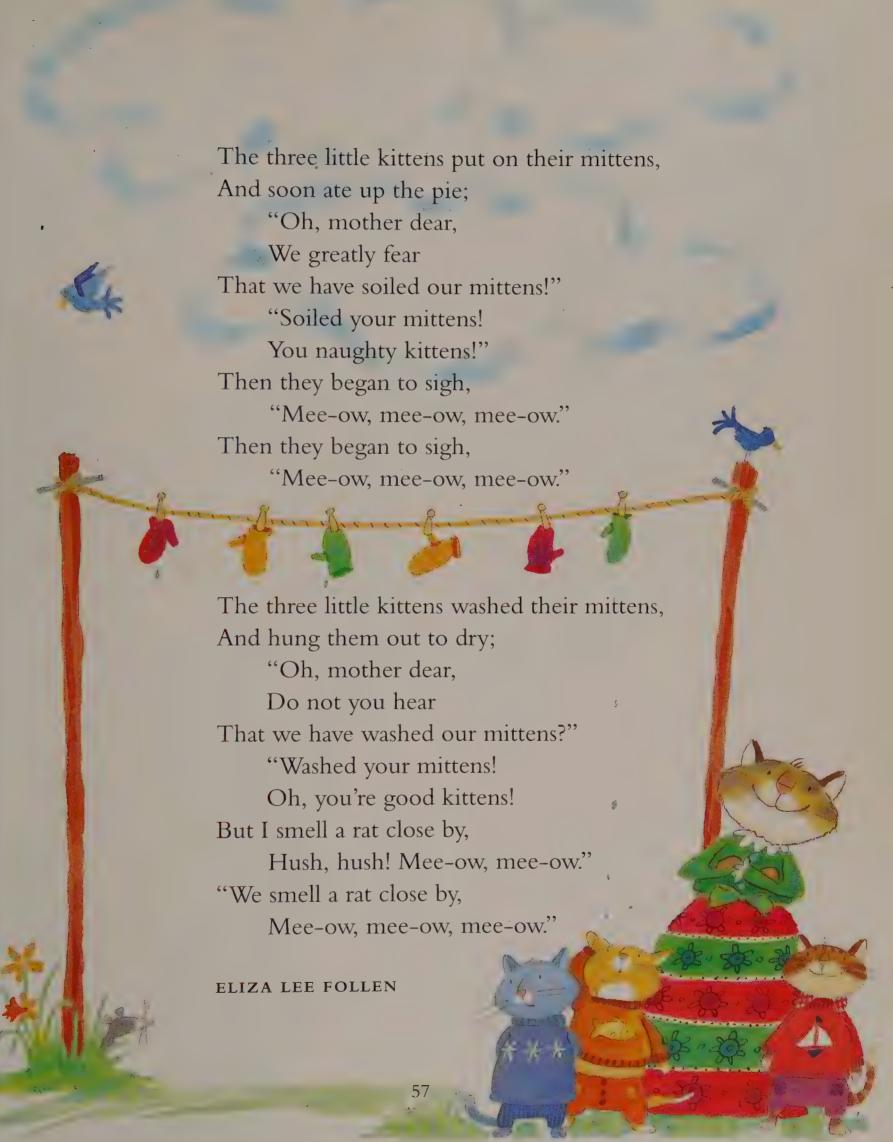
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh, let us have the pie!

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."







Choosing their Names

Our old cat has kittens three – What do you think their names should be?

One is a tabby, with emerald eyes,

And a tail that's long and slender,

And into a temper she quickly flies

If you ever by chance offend her:

I think we shall call her this —

I think we shall call her that —

Now, don't you think that Pepperpot

Is a nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,

And her feet are all white fur, too;

If you stroke her she carries her tail upright

And quickly begins to purr, too!

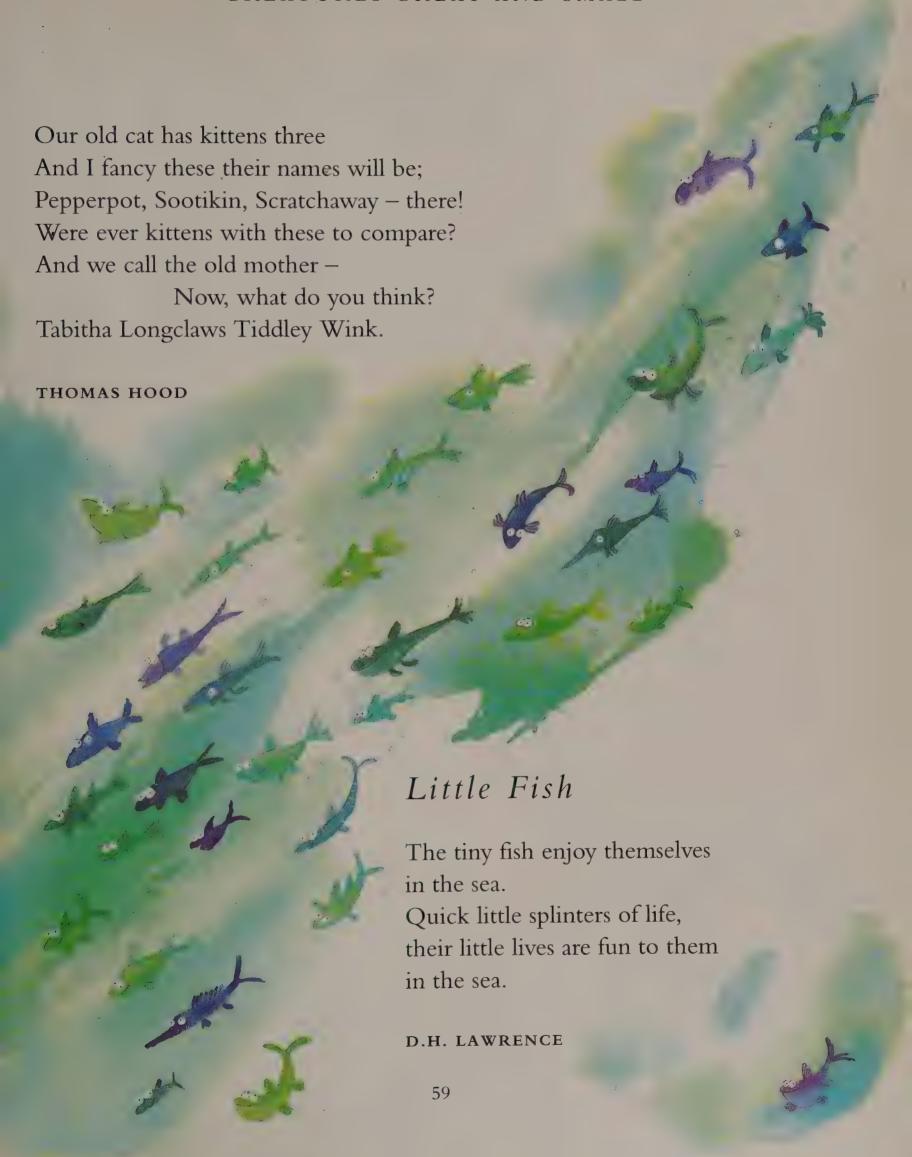
I think we shall call her this —

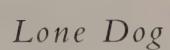
I think we shall call her that —

Now don't you think that Sootikin

Is a nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,
With plenty of white about him;
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back:
He's a quarrelsome one, ne'er doubt him.
I think we shall call him this —
I think we shall call him that —
Now don't you think that Scratchaway
Is a nice name for a cat?





I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone,
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own!
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay at the moon and keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut the door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side, Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide. O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best, Wide wind and wild stars and the hunger of the quest.





Mrs Christmas

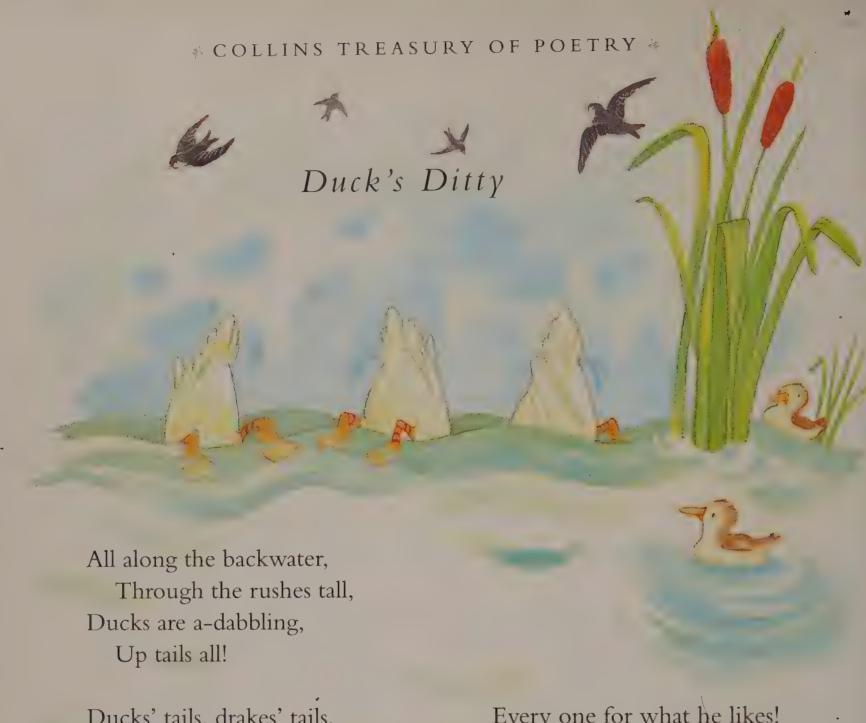
She was about as small as a cup
But big as your hand when she grew up
And she came to stay on Christmas Day
So we called her Mrs Christmas.

She liked to swoop around the hall
With a silver paper soccer ball
And I think I was four but maybe some more
When I named her Mrs Christmas.

She had some kittens with bright white socks And she kept them out in a brown cardboard box And she'd nudge them out and march them about Saying: "I am Mrs Christmas".

ADRIAN MITCHELL





Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth
Where the roach swim,
Here we keep our larder
Cool and full and dim!

Every one for what he likes!

We like to be

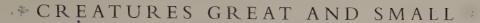
Heads down, tails up,

Dabbling free!

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call –
We are down a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

KENNETH GRAHAME





Little Trotty Wagtail

Little Trotty Wagtail, he went in the rain,
And twittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got straight again.
He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to get a fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little Trotty Wagtail, he waddled in the mud, And left his little footmarks, trample where he would. He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle went his tail, And chirrupt up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little Trotty Wagtail, you nimble all about, And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in and out; Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pig-stye, So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye.

JOHN CLARE .

The Shark

A treacherous monster is the Shark He never makes the least remark.

And when he sees you on the sand, He doesn't seem to want to land.

He watches you take off your clothes, And not the least excitement shows.

His eyes do not grow bright or roll, He has astounding self-control.

He waits till you are quite undrest, And seems to take no interest.

And when towards the sea you leap, He looks as if he were asleep.

But when you once get in his range, His whole demeanour seems to change.

He throws his body right about, And his true character comes out.



It's no use crying or appealing, He seems to lose all decent feeling.

After this warning you will wish To keep clear of this treacherous fish.



His back is black, his stomach white, He has a very dangerous bite.



LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

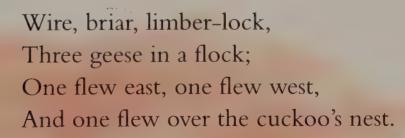
A Horse and a Flea

A horse and a flea and three blind mice
Sat on a kerbstone shooting dice.

The horse he slipped and fell on the flea.

The flea said, "Whoops, there's a horse on me."

ANON







Zebra

White men in Africa,
Puffing at their pipes,
Think the zebra's a white horse
With black stripes.

Black men in Africa, With pipes of different types, Know the zebra's a black horse With white stripes.

GAVIN EWART



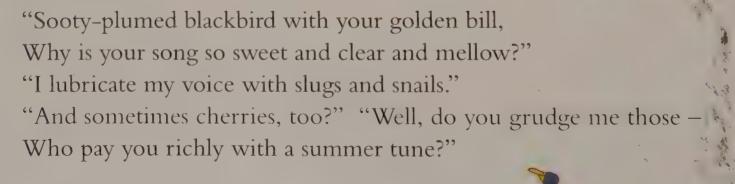
The Blackbird



The Elephant

When people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a little tail behind
So LARGE a trunk before.

HILAIRE BELLOC



JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE



Granny Granny © Please Comb my Hair

6

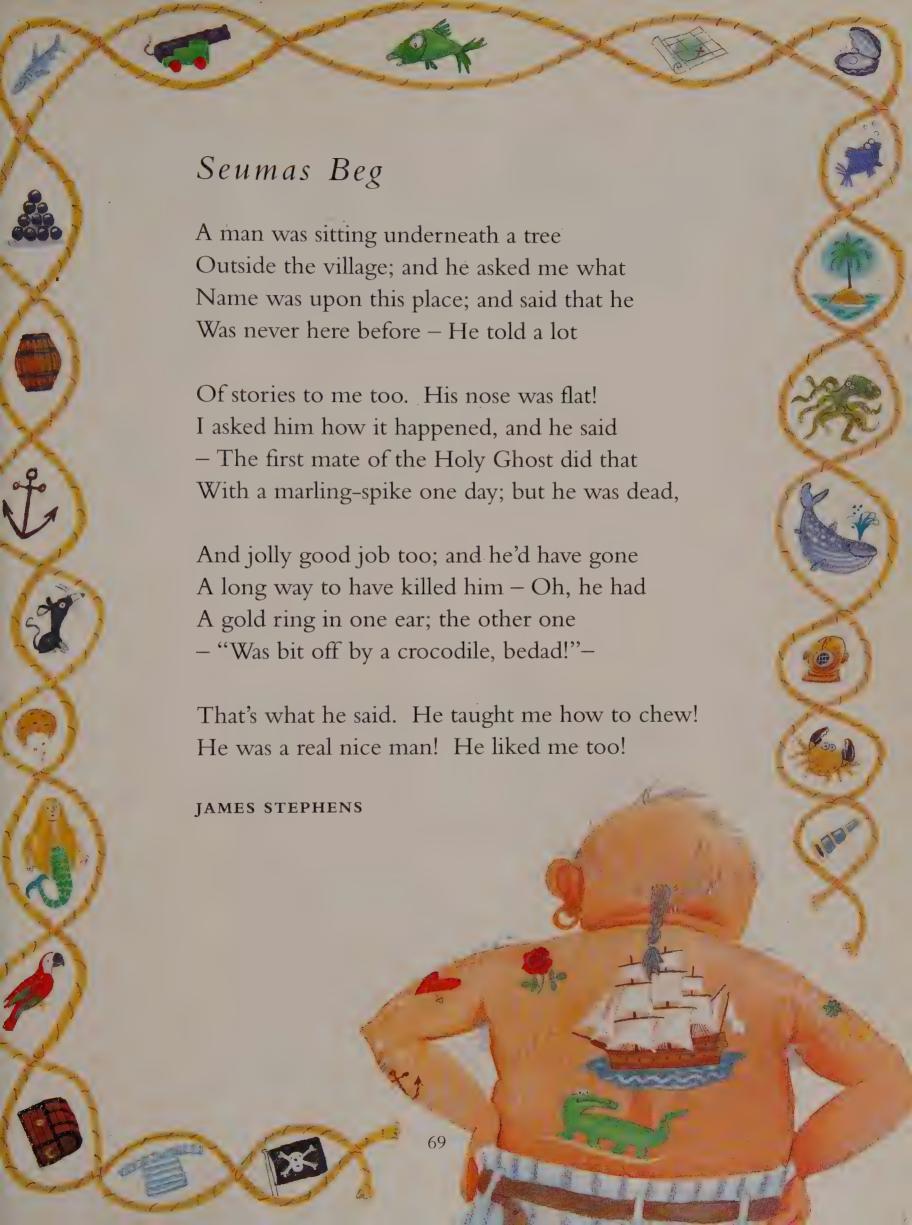
Granny Granny please comb my hair you always take your time you always take such care

You put me on a cushion between your knees you rub a little coconut oil parting gentle as a breeze

Mummy Mummy
she's always in a hurry-hurry
rush
she pulls my hair
sometimes she tugs

But Granny you have all the time in the world and when you're finished you always turn my head and say "Now who's a nice girl?"

GRACE NICHOLS





My Sister Jane

And I say nothing – no, not a word About our Jane. Haven't you heard? She's a bird, a bird, a bird, a bird. Oh it never would do to let folks know My sister's nothing but a great big crow.

Each day (we daren't send her to school)
She pulls on stockings of thick blue wool
To make her pin crow legs look right,
Then fits a wig of curls on tight,
And dark spectacles – a huge pair
To cover her very crowy stare.
Oh it never would do to let folks know
My sister's nothing but a great big crow.



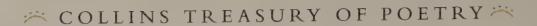




When visitors come she sits upright
(With her wings and her tail tucked out of sight).
They think her queer but extremely polite.
Then when the visitors have gone
She whips out her wings and with her wig on
Whirls through the house at the height of your head –
Duck, duck, or she'll knock you dead.
Oh it never would do to let folks know
My sister's nothing but a great big crow.

At meals whatever she sees she'll stab it —
Because she's a crow and that's a crow habit.
My mother says "Jane! Your manners! Please!"
Then she'll sit quietly on the cheese,
Or play the piano nicely by dancing on the keys —
Oh it never would do to let folks know
My sister's nothing but a great big crow.

TED HUGHES



The Older the Violin the Sweeter the Tune

Me Granny old
Me Granny wise
stories shine like a moon
from inside she eyes.

Me Granny can dance Me Granny can sing but she can't play the violin.

Yet she always saying, "Dih older dih violin de sweeter de tune."

Me Granny must be wiser than the man inside the moon.

JOHN AGARD









For Nkemdilim, My Daughter

Nkemdilim, Nkemdilim, run to me!
Do not stand there making your cheeks swell out like two big red tomatoes.
Do not push out your lips like two red cherries making figure eight.
Do not turn in your toes like a duck, making letter O



Nkemdilim – oo!
run to me, I say,
before I make your bottom red too
like the ripe tomatoes
of your sulky face!

IFI AMADIUME



Antigonish

As I was going up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today –
I wish, I wish he'd stay away.

HUGHES MEARNS

The King's Breakfast



The King asked

The Queen, and

The Queen asked

The Dairymaid:

"Could we have some butter for

The Royal slice of bread?"

The Queen asked

The Dairymaid,

The Dairymaid

Said, "Certainly,

I'll go and tell

The cow

Now

Before she goes to bed."



The Dairymaid

She curtsied,

And went and told

The Alderney:

"Don't forget the butter for

The Royal slice of bread."

The Alderney

Said sleepily:

"You'd better tell

His Majesty

That many people nowadays

Like marmalade

Instead."





The Dairymaid

Said, "Fancy!"

And went to

Her Majesty.

She curtsied to the Queen, and

She turned a little red:

"Excuse me,

Your Majesty,

For taking of

The liberty,

But marmalade is tasty, if

It's very

Thickly

Spread."



The Queen said

"Oh!"

And went to

His Majesty:

"Talking of the butter for

The royal slice of bread,

Many people

Think that

Marmalade

Is nicer.

Would you like to try a little

Marmalade

Instead?"







* * *

The King said,

"Bother!"

And then he said,

,"Oh, deary me!"

The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!"

And went back to bed.

"Nobody,"

He whimpered,

"Could call me

A fussy man;

I only want

A little bit

Of butter for

My bread!"

* * *

The Queen said,

"There, there!"

And went to

The Dairymaid.

The Dairymaid

Said, "There, there!"

And went to the shed.

The cow said,

"There, there!

I didn't really

Mean it;

Here's milk for his porringer

And butter for his bread."

* * *



The Queen took

The butter

And brought it to

His Majesty;

The King said,

"Butter, eh?"

And bounced out of bed.

"Nobody," he said,

As he kissed her

Tenderly,

"Nobody," he said,

As he slid down

The banisters,

"Nobody,

My darling,

Could call me

A fussy man –

BUT

I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

* *

A. A. MILNE

* * *



Visiting Mrs Neverley

Old Mrs Neverley came from Back There.
She sat in the sunshine with frost in her hair.

I'll be going home soon, she said.
Never said where.

Sweet crumbly biscuits, ghostly-grey tea and her smile would be waiting. She listened to me and sometimes to someone else I couldn't see

and when we fell silent and couldn't say why she glanced at the window. She smiled at the sky.

Look! There, you missed it.

An angel passed by.

It was one of her stories.

She said, I'm growing too.

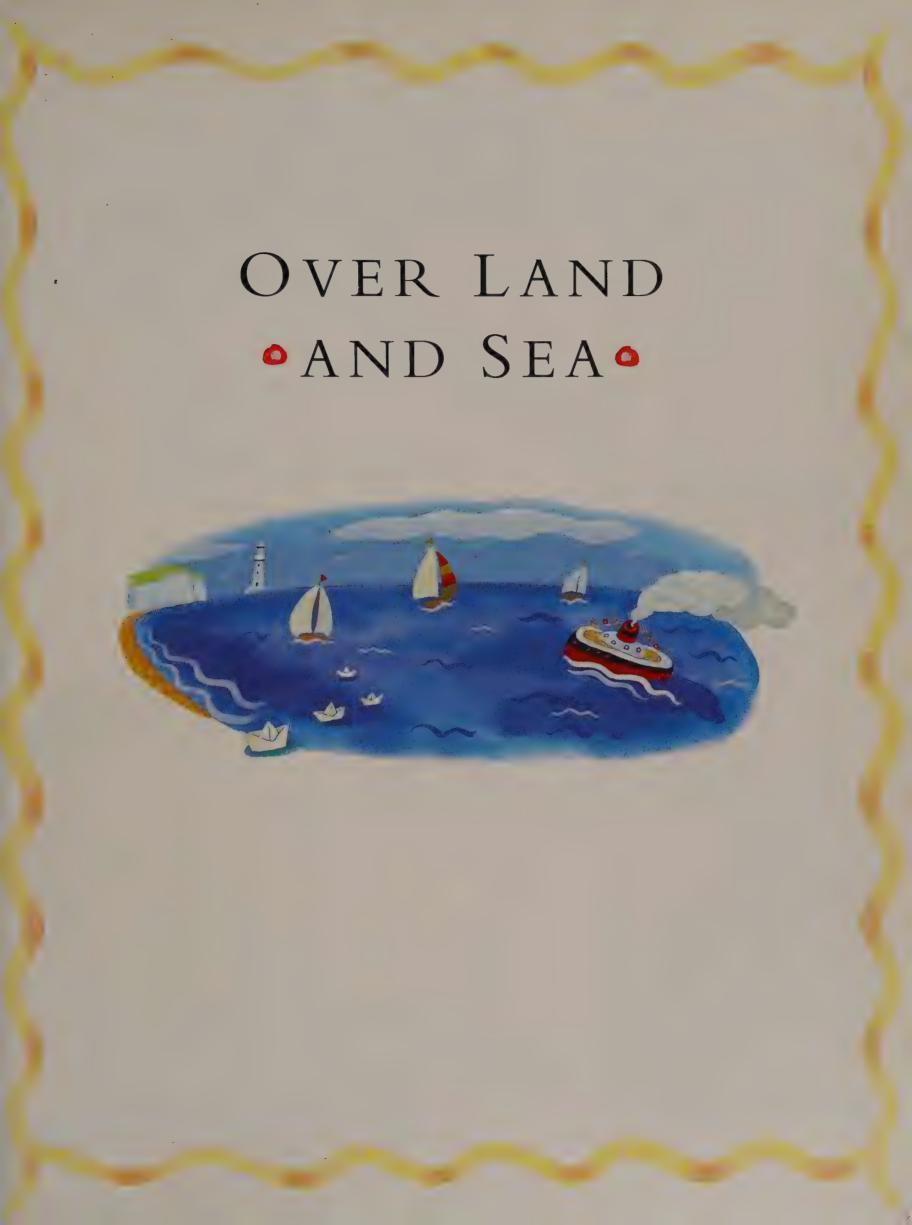
You grow up, I grow down.

She told lies, I knew.

Only, now that she's gone
nothing else quite seems true.

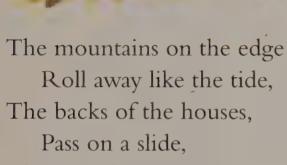
PHILIP GROSS





The Child in the Train

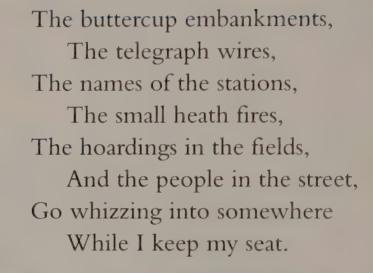
The train stands still
And the world runs by.
Yonder runs a tree
And a cloud in the sky.
Here flies a pony
On the running road,
And there flows the quickest
River ever flowed.



The little farms slip off
As soon as one looks,

And the little churches vanish

With their spires and their rooks.



The little cities trot,

And the little hamlets trip,
The meadow with its cow,
The sea with its ship,
The forest and the factory,
The hedge and the hill—
The world goes running by
While the train stands still!

ELEANOR FARJEON





The Green Train

The Blue Train for the South – but the Green Train for us. Nobody knows when the Green Train departs.

Nobody sees her off. There is no noise; no fuss;

No luggage on the Green Train;

No whistle when she starts.

But quietly at the right time they wave the green light And she slides past the platform and plunges into the night.

Wonderful people walking down the long Green Train, As the engine gathers speed.

And voices talking.

"Where does she go to, Guard?"

Where indeed?

But what does it matter

So long as the night is starred?

Who cares for time, and who cares for place,

So long as the Green Train thunders on into space?

E.V. RIEU





From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Adlestrop

Yes. I remember Adlestrop –
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat. No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop – only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass, And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry, No whit less still and lonely fair Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang Close by, and round him, mistier, Farther and farther, all the birds Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

EDWARD THOMAS



Where Go the Boats?

- Dark brown is the river,

 Golden is the sand.

 It flows along for ever,

 With trees on either hand.
- Green leaves a-floating,Castles of the foam,Boats of mine a-boating –Where will all come home?
- On goes the river

 And out past the mill,

 Away down the valley,

 Away down the hill.
- Away down the river,

 A hundred miles or more,

 Other little children

 Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





Roadways

- One road leads to London,One road runs to Wales,My road leads me seawardsTo the white dipping sails.
- One road leads to the river,
 As it goes singing slow;
 My road leads to shipping,
 Where the bronzed sailors go
- Leads me, lures me, calls me
 To salt, green, tossing sea;
 A road without earth's road-dust
 Is the right road for me



A wet road, heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth.

To add more miles to the tally
Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Morwenstow

Where do you come from, sea, To the sharp Cornish shore, Leaping up to the raven's crag? From Labrador.

Do you grow tired, sea?

Are you weary ever

When the storms burst over your head?

Never.

Are you hard as a diamond, sea,
As iron, as oak?
Are you stronger than flint or steel?

And the lightning stroke.

(O)

Ten thousand years and more, sea,
You have gobbled your fill,
Swallowing stone and slate!

I am hungry still.

When will you rest, sea?

When moon and sun

Ride only fields of salt water

And the land is gone.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

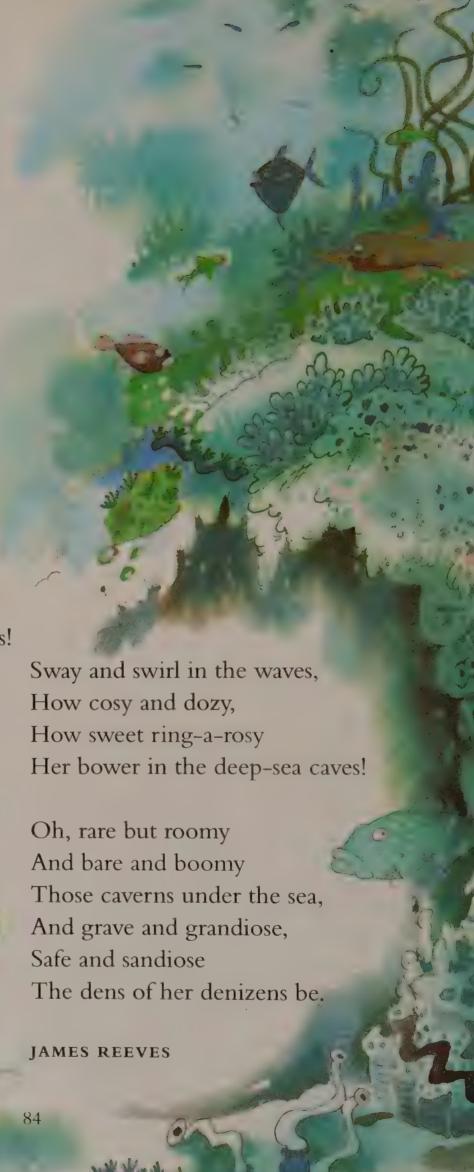
Grim and Gloomy

Oh, grim and gloomy,
So grim and gloomy
Are the caves beneath the sea.
Oh, rare but roomy
And bare and boomy,
Those salt sea caverns be.

Oh, slim and slimy
Or grey and grimy
Are the animals of the sea.
Salt and oozy
And safe and snoozy
The caves where those animals be.

Hark to the shuffling,
Huge and snuffling,
Ravenous, cavernous, great sea-beasts!
But fair and fabulous,
Tintinnabulous,
Gay and fabulous are their feasts.

Ah, but the queen of the sea, The querulous, perilous sea! How the curls of her tresses The pearls on her dresses,



SING SOMETHING SIMPLE



86



Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me, He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a garland of roses, A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.





The Milkmaid

Where are you going to, my pretty maid? I'm going a-milking, sir, she said, Sir, she said, sir, she said, I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid? You're kindly welcome, sir, she said, Sir, she said, You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.

Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid? Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said, Sir, she said, sir, she said, Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid? My father's a farmer, sir, she said, Sir, she said, sir, she said, My father's a farmer, sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
Sir, she said, sir, she said,
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said,
Sir, she said,
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

ANON

Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your musket, fife and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you, For I have no coat to put on.

Then away she went to the tailor's shop
As fast as legs could run,
And bought him one of the very very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your musket, fife, and drum? Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you, For I have no shoes to put on.

Then away she went to the cobbler's shop
As fast as legs could run,
And bought him a pair of the very very best,
And the soldier put them on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your musket, fife and drum? Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you, For I have a wife at home.

SING SOMETHING SIMPLE S



The Little Man and Maid

There was a little man
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say
Than 'will you, yea or nay?'
For least said is soonest mended-ded-ded-ded."

The little maid replied,
(Some say a little sighed),
"But what shall we have to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you are rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of loving turn the spit, spit, spit?"





Lavender's Blue

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green, When I am king, dilly dilly, you shall be queen Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so? 'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set them to work, Some with a rake, dilly dilly, some with a fork, Some to make hay, dilly dilly, some to thresh corn, Whilst you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm.

TRADITIONAL

The Jolly Miller

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!"



Song for a Banjo Dance

Shake your brown feet, honey, Shake your brown feet, chile, Shake your brown feet, honey, Shake 'em swift and wil'—

Get way back, honey,
Do that rockin' step.
Slide on over, darling,
Now! Come out
With your left.
e your brown feet, honey,

Shake your brown feet, honey, Shake 'em, honey chile.

Sun's going down this evening –
Might never rise no mo'.

The sun's going down this very night –
Might never rise no mo'
So dance with swift feet, honey,

(The banjo's sobbing low)

Dance with swift feet, honey –

Might never dance no mo'.

Shake your brown feet, Liza,
Shake 'em, Liza, chile,
Shake your brown feet, Liza,
(The music's soft and wil')
Shake your brown feet, Liza,
(The banjo's sobbing low)
The sun's going down this very night –
Might never rise no mo'.

LANGSTON HUGHES

Song Sung by a
Man on a Barge to
Another Man on a
Different Barge in
Order to Drive Him
Mad

Oh,

I am the best bargee bar none, You are the best bargee bar one! You are the second-best bargee, You are the best bargee bar me!

Oh,

I am the best.....

(and so on, until he is hurled into the canal)





Rope Rhyme

Get set, ready now, jump right in
Bounce and kick and giggle and spin
Listen to the rope when it hits the ground
Listen to that clappedy-slappedy sound
Jump right up when it tells you to
Come back down whatever you do
Count to a hundred, count by ten
Start to count all over again
That's what jumping is all about
Get set, ready now,

jump right out!

ELOISE GREENFIELD



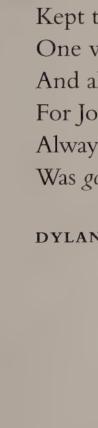
Captain Cat's Song

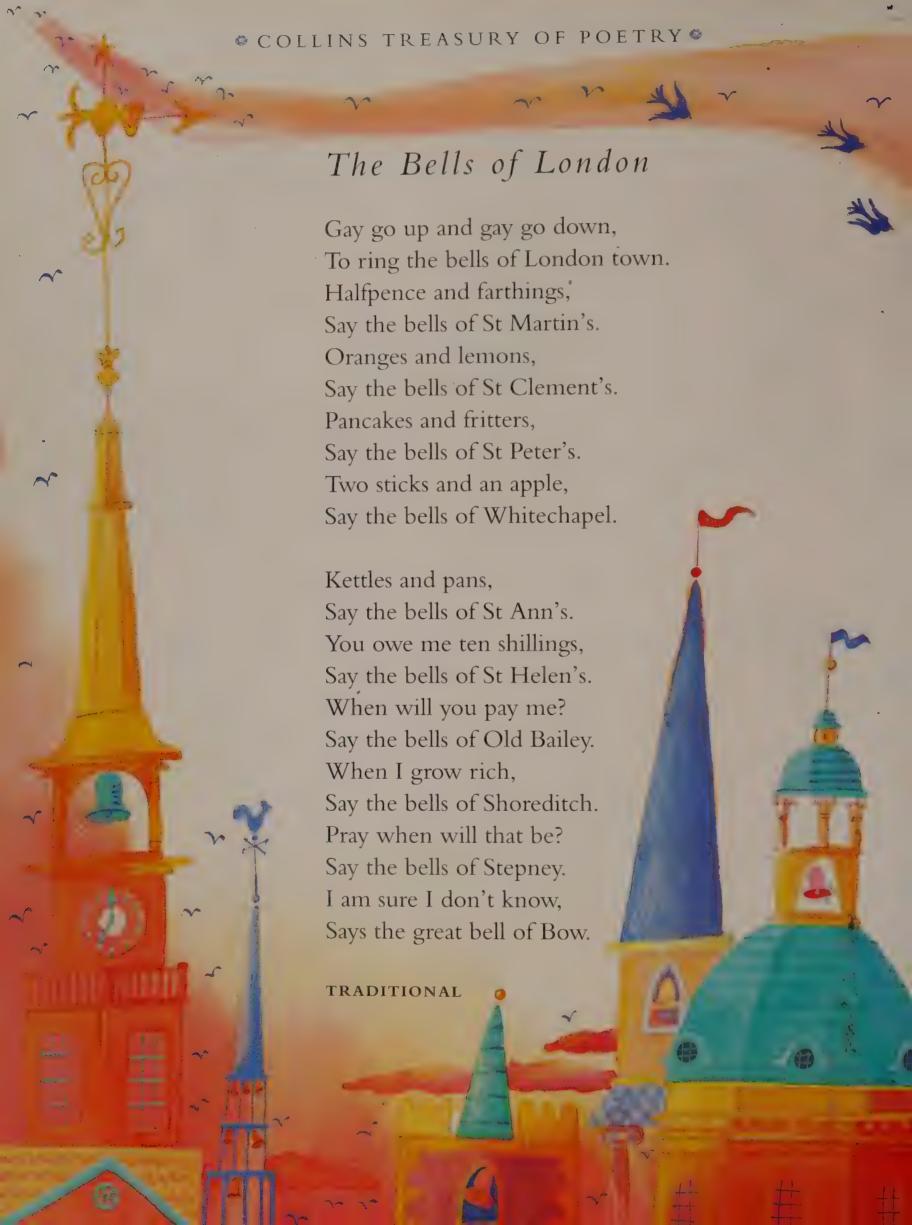
Johnnie Crack and Flossie Snail
Kept their baby in a milking pail
Flossie Snail and Johnnie Crack
One would pull it out and one would put it back

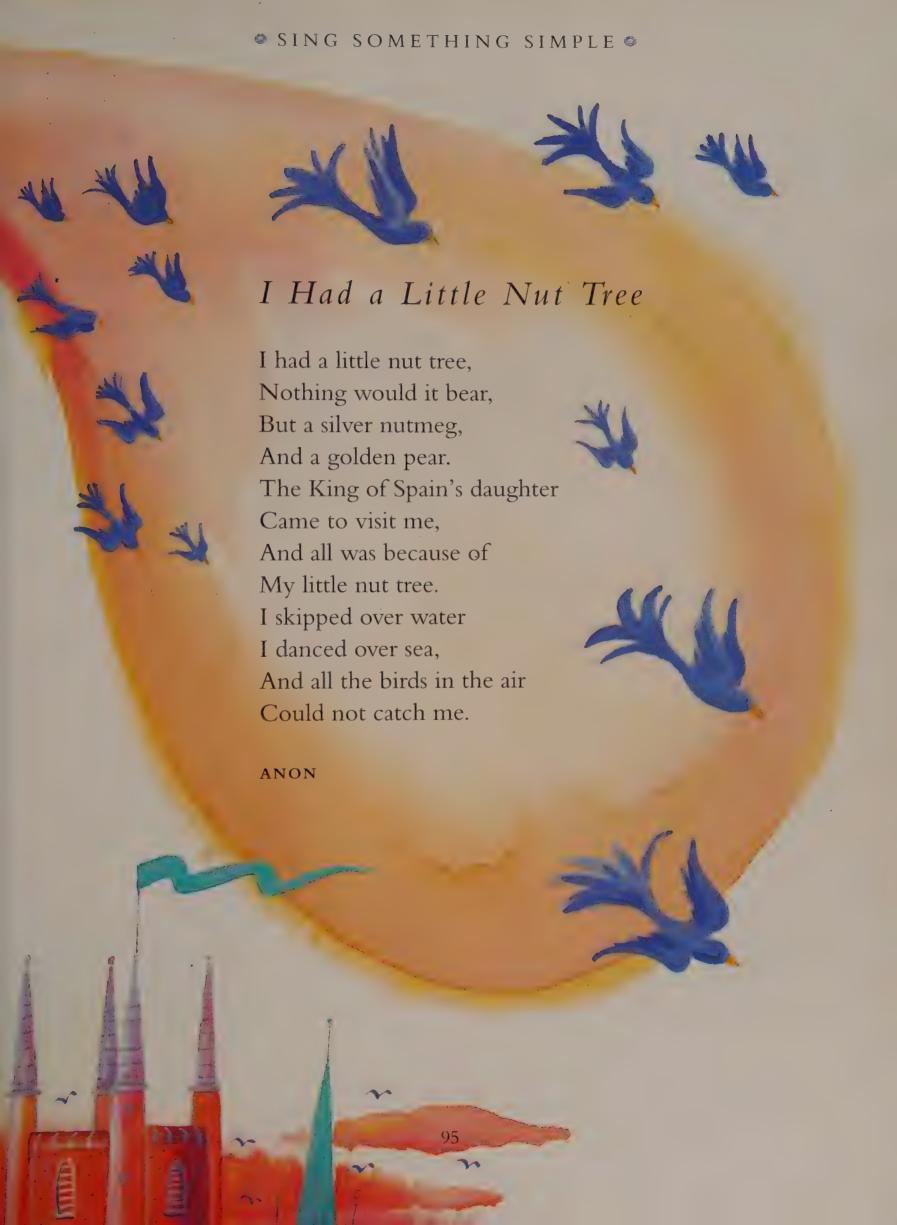
O it's my turn now said Flossie Snail
To take the baby from the milking pail
And it's my turn now said Johnnie Crack
To smack it on the head and put it back

Johnnie Crack and Flossie Snail
Kept their baby in a milking pail
One would put it back and one would pull it out
And all it had to drink was ale and stout
For Johnnie Crack and Flossie Snail
Always used to say that stout and ale
Was good for a baby in a milking pail.

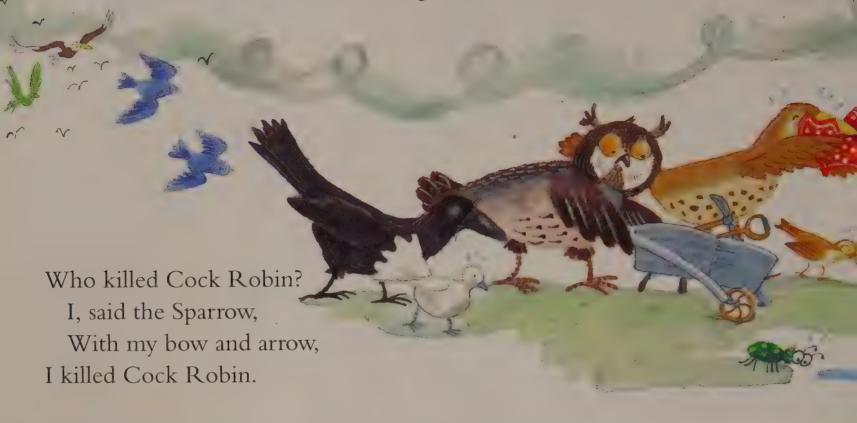
DYLAN THOMAS







The Death and Burial of Cock Robin



Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,

I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle,

I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,

With my pick and shovel,

I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the clerk.



Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be the chief mourner?

I, said the Dove,

I mourn for my love,

I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll carry the coffin?

I, said the Kite,

If it's not through the night,
I'll carry the coffin.

Who'll sing the psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat on a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,

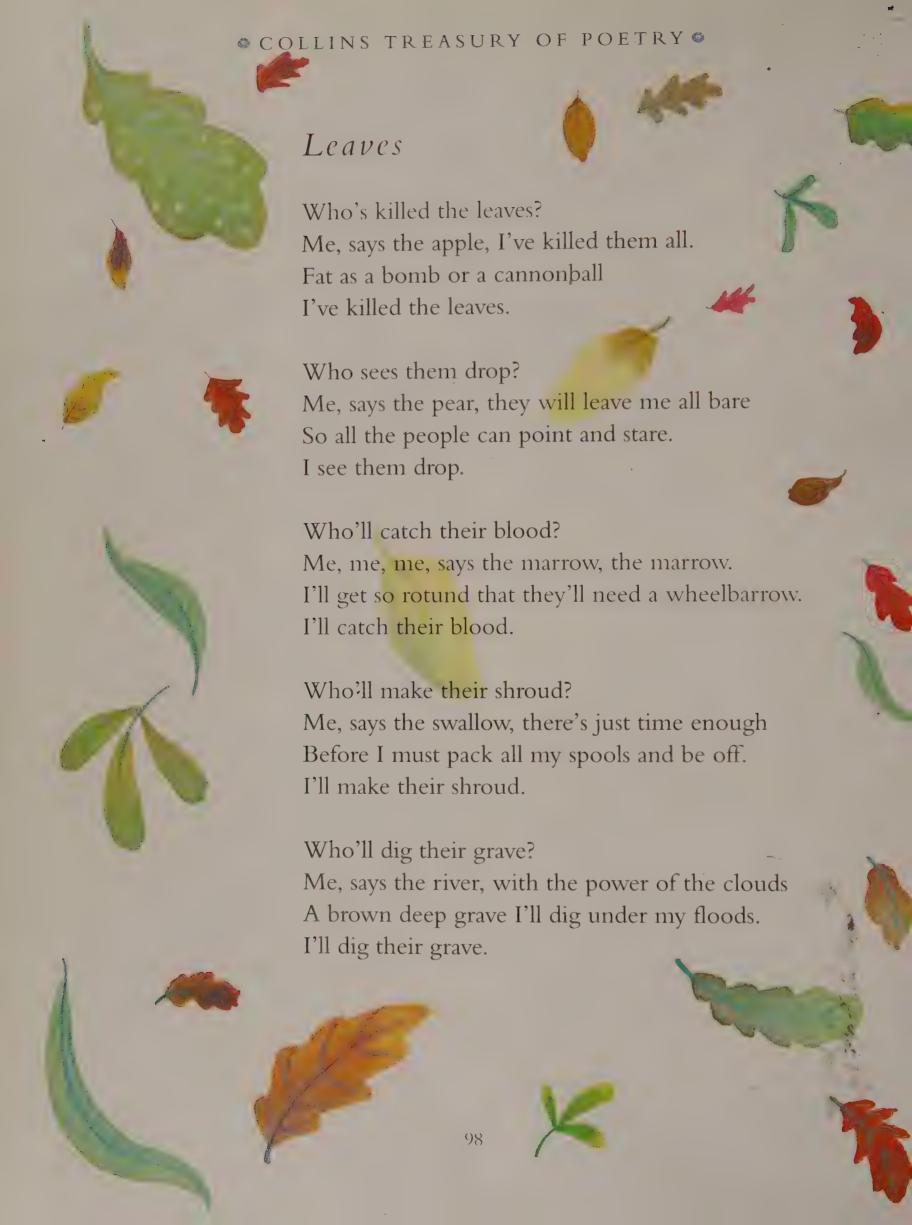
So Cock Robin, farewell.

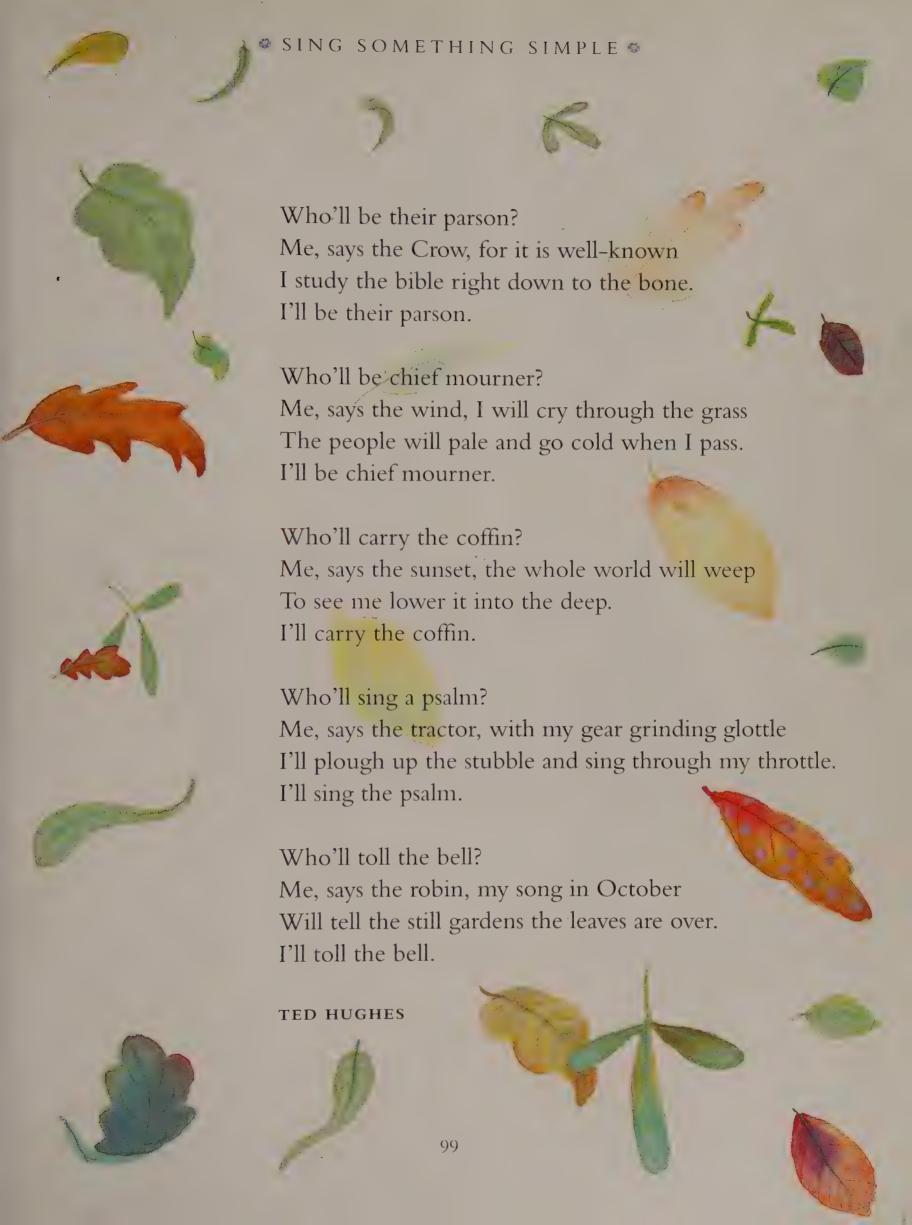
All the birds of the air.

Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.





Mean Song

Snickles and podes, Ribble and grodes: That's what I wish you.

A nox in the groot,
A root in the stoot
And a gock in the forbeshaw, too.

Keep out of sight For fear that I might Glom you a gravely snave. Don't show your face Around any place Or you'll get one flack snack in the bave. **EVE MERRIAM**

WHO'S OUT THERE?



The Frozen Man

Out at the edge of town where black trees

crack their fingers in the icy wind

and hedges freeze on their shadows

and the breath of cattle, still as boulders,

hangs in rags under the rolling moon, a man is walking alone:

on the coal-black road his cold

feet ring

and ring.



Here in a snug house at the heart of town

the fire is burning red and yellow and gold:

you can hear the warmth like a sleeping cat

breathe softly in every room.

When the frozen man comes to the door,

let him in, let him in, let him in.

KIT WRIGHT



Some One

Some one came knocking At my wee, small door; Some one came knocking, I'm sure – sure – sure; I listened, I opened, I looked to left and right, But nought there was a-stirring In the still dark night; Only the busy beetle Tap-tapping in the wall, Only from the forest The screech-owl's call, Only the cricket whistling While the dewdrops fall, So I know not who came knocking, At all, at all, at all. WALTER DE LA MARE 1()4

The Sound Collector

A stranger called this morning Dressed all in black and grey Put every sound into a bag And carried them away



The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock



The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes



The hissing of the frying-pan The ticking of the grill The bubbling of the bathtub As it starts to fill The drumming of the raindrops
On the window-pane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain



The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair



A stranger called this morning He didn't leave his name Left us only silence Life will never be the same.

ROGER McGOUGH



Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



GOLDEN DAYS, SILVER NIGHTS



A Valentine Poem for Cathy Pompe's Kids at St Paul's Primary School,

Cambridge (who were about 6-7 years old)

The night is a dark blue balloon
The day is a golden balloon
The moon longs to cuddle the sun
The sun longs to cuddle the moon

ADRIAN MITCHELL



The Early Morning

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other: The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother. The moon on my left and the dawn on my right. My brother, good morning: my sister, good night.

HILAIRE BELLOC



The Sun's Travels

The sun is not a-bed, when I At night upon my pillow lie; Still round the earth his way he takes, And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day, We round the sunny garden play, Each little Indian sleepy-head Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





Is the Moon Tired?

Is the moon tired? She looks so pale Within her misty veil;
She scales the sky from east to west,
And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night The moon shows papery white; Before the dawning of the day, She fades away.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



Early Country Village Morning

Cocks crowing
Hens knowing
later they will cluck
their laying song

Houses stirring
a donkey clip-clopping
the first market bus
comes jugging along

Soon the sun will give a big yawn and open her eye pushing the last bit of darkness out of the sky

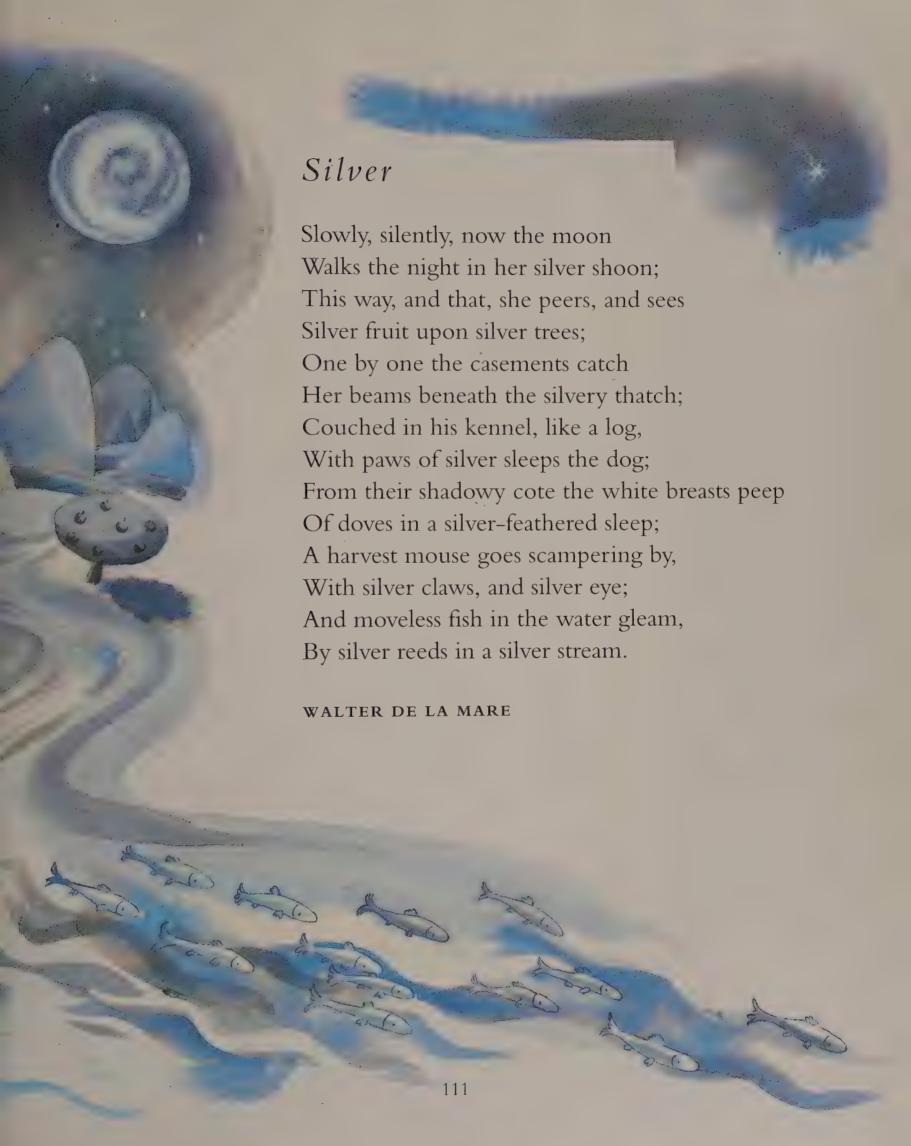
GRACE NICHOLS

Flying

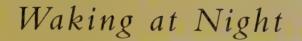
I saw the moon, One windy night, Flying so fast -All silvery white -Over the sky Like a toy balloon ·Loose from its string – A runaway moon. The frosty stars Went racing past, Chasing her on Ever so fast. Then everyone said, "It's the clouds that fly, And the stars and moon Stand still in the sky." But I don't mind -I saw the moon Sailing away Like a toy Balloon.

J.M. WESTRUP









What has happened? Is this me?
Who am I? Where can I be?
Where's the fireplace? Where's the door?
I can't remember any more.

If I'm me, the rocking-chair *Should* be in the window there, But the window's turned around In the dark, and can't be found.

Strange that though the room is dark I just know it's twisted. Hark!
That's the cuckoo-clock – how queer! – Ticking there instead of here.

Something's happened to my bed, Head is foot and foot is head, And the wall has shifted quite From my left side to my right.

Then this room is *not* the one *I* know – it has come undone, Window, fireplace, door and wall, And I can't be me at all!

ELEANOR FARJEON

The Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon, Then you show your little light, Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark, Lights the traveller in the dark – Though I know not what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

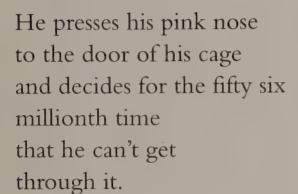
JANE TAYLOR

REFLECTIONS



Our Hamster's Life

Our hamster's life: there's not much to it, not much to it.



Our hamster's life: there's not much to it, not much to it.

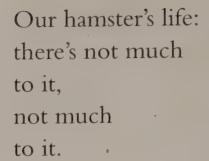


It's about the most boring life in the world, if he only knew it.

He sleeps and he drinks and he eats.
He eats and he drinks and he sleeps.

He slinks and he dreeps. He eats.

This process he repeats.





You'd think it would drive him bonkers, going round and round on his wheel. It's certainly driving me bonkers,

watching him do it.



But he may be thinking:
"That boy's life,
there's not much
to it,
not much
to it:

watching a hamster go round on a wheel, It's driving me bonkers if he only knew it,

watching him watching me do it."

KIT WRIGHT



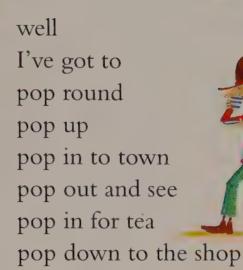


Busy Day

Pop in pop out 'pop over the road pop out for a walk pop in for a talk pop down to the shop can't stop got to pop

got to pop?

pop where?



got to pop?

can't stop

got to pop



pop where? pop what?

well
I've got to
pop in
pop out
pop over the road
pop out for a walk
pop in for a talk......

MICHAEL ROSEN

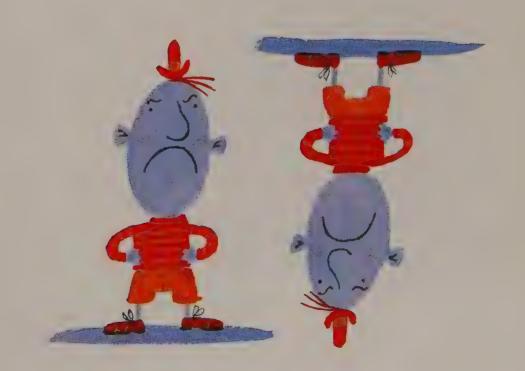
Scowling

When I see you scowling

I want to turn you upside down

and see you smile!

ROGER McGOUGH



V COLLINS TREASURY OF POETRY

Youth and Age

Impatient of his childhood,

"Ah me!" exclaimed young Arthur,

Whilst roving in the wild wood,

"I wish I were my father!"

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur

So skip, and play, and run,

"Ah me!" exclaims the father,

"I wish I were my son!"

THOMAS HOOD



Kind Deeds

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,

Humble though they be,

Make the mighty ages

Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

ISAAC WATTS



Twenty-Six Letters

Twenty-six cards in half a pack; Twenty-six weeks in half a year; Twenty-six letters dressed in black In all the words you ever will hear.

In 'King', 'Queen', 'Ace', and 'Jack', In 'London', 'lucky', 'lone', and 'lack', 'January', 'April', 'fortify', 'fix', You'll never find more than twenty-six.

Think of the beautiful things you see
On mountain, riverside, meadow and tree.
How many their names are, but how small
The twenty-six letters that spell them all.

JAMES REEVES

Shallow Poem

I've thought of a poem.
I carry it carefully,
nervously, in my head,
like a saucer of milk;
in case I should spill some lines
before I can put it down.

GERDA MAYER

U

m



Bluebells and Penguins

The day we found the lady
Crying in the wood
We tried to comfort her
As best we could
But just what she was crying for
We never understood:



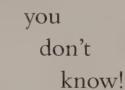
Weeping among the beechleaves and the bluebells.

The day we saw the old man
Cackling at the zoo
We had a laugh along with him
The way you do
But just what he was laughing at
We never had a clue:



Chuckling among the pythons and the penguins!

Now penguins aren't that funny
And bluebells aren't that sad
But sometimes you feel really good
And sometimes you feel bad.
Sometimes you feel sky-high happy,
Sometimes lost and low,
And why on earth you feel like that
Sometimes





KIT WRIGHT



Leisure

What is this life if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass, Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight, Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance, And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare.

W.H. DAVIES



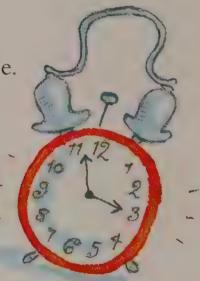












STUFF AND NONSENSE! ...

If all the Seas Were one Sea

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish-splash that would be!



ANON



Fortunes

One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a kiss and four for a boy,
Five for silver, six for gold,
Seven for a secret never to be told,
Eight for a letter from over the sea,
Nine for a lover as true as can be.

TRADITIONAL





STUFF AND NONSENSE!

Solomon Grundy

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.



ANON

Star Light, Star Bright...

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Have this wish I wish tonight.



I.am a Gold Lock

(Ask a friend to repeat each line after you)

I am a gold lock.

I am a gold key.

I am a silver lock.

I am a silver key.

I am a brass lock.

I am a brass key.

I am a lead lock.

I am a lead key.

I am a monk lock.
I am a monk key!

TRADITIONAL



OINDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES O

Titles are in italics. Where the title and the first line are the same, the first line only is listed.

Δ

A horse and a flea and three blind mice 65
A man was sitting underneath a tree 69
A stranger called this morning 105
A treacherous monster is the Shark 64
Adlestrop 81
Algy 46
Algy met a bear 46
All afternoon 55
All along the backwater 62
And I say nothing – no, not a word 70
Animals' Houses 44

В

Antigonish 73

Behind the blinds I sit and watch 7
Bells of London, The 94
Berryman and Baxter 50
Blackbird, The 66
Bluebells and Penguins 120
Brown and furry 46
Busy Day 117

As I was going up the stair 73

(

Captain Cat's Song 93
Cat in the Dark 55
Cat Warmth 55
Caterpillar, The 46
Child in the Train, The 78
Child's Song in Spring 39
Chips 35
Choosing their Names 58
City Mouse and the Garden Mouse, The 45
Cocks crowing 110
Colouring 11
Come on into my tropical garden 9
Cottage 6
Cow 54

D

Dark brown is the river 82

Death and Burial of Cock Robin, The 96

Dot a dot dot dot a dot dot 34

Duck's Ditty 62

E

Early Country Village Morning 110 Early Morning, The 108 Elephant, The 66

F

Faster than fairies, faster than witches 80
Fat coloured crayons 11
Flying 110
Fog 35
For Nkemdilim, My Daughter 73
Fortunes 122
From a Railway Carriage 80
Frozen Man, The 102

G

Gay go up and gay go down 94
Get set, ready now, jump right in 92
Granny Granny please comb my hair 68
Green Train, The 79
Grim and Gloomy 84

Η

He was a Rat 18
He was a rat, and she was a rat 18
Hide and Seek 48
Horse and a Flea, A 65

It's always the same 7

I

I am a gold lock 123 I am the rain 36 I eat my peas with honey 10 I had a little nut tree 95 I have eaten 10 I hear a sudden cry of pain! 47 I hear leaves drinking Rain 33 I saw the moon 110 I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone 100 I've thought of a poem 119 If all the seas were one sea 122 Impatient of his childhood 118 In the Street 8 in springtime the violets 38 Is the Moon Tired? 109 Is the moon tired? She looks so pale 109 it was dark but when i blinked 14

O Johnnie Crack and Flossie Snail 93 Of animals' houses 44 Jolly Miller, The 90 Oh! Dear! 86 Just When ... 7 Oh! dear! what can the matter be? 86 Oh, grim and gloomy 84 Oh, I am the best bargee bar none 92 Key of the Kingdom, The 30 Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me 88 Kind Deeds 118 Old Mrs Neverley 76 King's Breakfast, The 74 Older the Violin the Sweeter the Tune, The 72 Knock, knock! 52 On the moon with great ease 19 One for sorrow, two for joy 122 One road leads to London 82 Lavender's Blue 90 Our hamster's life 116 Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green 90 Our old cat has kittens three 58 Leaves 98 Out at the edge of town 102 Leisure 121 Out of the paper bag 35 Little Black Hen, The 50 Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The 24 Little drops of water 118 P Little Fish 59 Peas 10 Little Man and Maid, The 89 Little Trotty Wagtail 63 Pippa's Song 38 Little Trotty Wagtail, he went in the rain 63 Pop in 117 little tree 40 R Lone Dog 60 Rain, The 33 Look at that! 55 Roadways 82 Looking for Daisy 48 Rope Rhyme 92 Lowly, slowly 54 M Scowling 117 Magic Seeds, The 22 Seumas Beg 69 Me Granny old 72 Shake your brown feet, honey 91 Mean Song 100 Shallow Poem 119 Milkmaid, The 87 Shark, The 64 Moon-Transport 17 She was about as small as a cup 61 Morwenstow 83 Silver 111 Mr Blob 26 sleep 14 Mrs Christmas 61 Slowly, silently, now the moon 111 Mum'll be coming home today 12 Snare, The 47 My Dog 49 Snickles and podes 100 My dog is such a gentle soul 49 Snow 32 My heart went out to Mr Blob the moment Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me? 88 that we met 26 Solomon Grundy 123 My Sister Jane 70 Some One 104 Some one came knocking 104 N Some people on the moon are so idle 17 Night Sounds 112 Song for a Banjo Dance 91 Nkemdilim, Nkemdilim 73 Song Sung by a Man on a Barge to Another Man on a No breath of wind 32 Different Barge in Order to Drive Him Mad 92 Not a Very Cheerful Song, I'm Afraid 23 "Sooty-plumed blackbird with your golden bill 66 Nuts and marbles in the toe 42

Sound Collector, The 105 Spin me a web, spider 53 springtime 38 Squirrel 46 Star light, star bright 123 Star, The 114 Sun's Travels, The 109

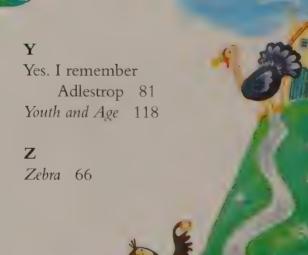
T The Blue Train for the South – but the Green Train for us 79 The city mouse lives in a house 45 The Cow comes home swinging 54 The day we found the lady 120 The fat old pillar-box in the street 8 The fog comes 35 The green grass is bowing 33 The King of China's daughter 28 The King asked 74 The man from the land of Fandango 16 The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other 108 The night is a dark blue balloon 108 The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea 24 The silver birch is a dainty lady 39 The sun is not a-bed, when I 109 The tiny fish enjoy themselves 59 The train stands still 78 The year's at the spring 38 There was an Old Woman 19 There was a gloomy lady 23 There was a jolly miller once 90 There was a little man 89 There was an old woman tossed up in a basket 19 There was an old woman who sowed a corn seed 22 This is Just to Say 10 This is the Key of the Kingdom 30 Three Little Kittens, The 56 Three little kittens lost their mittens 56 Tickle Rhyme, The 45 To Pass the Time 13 Tree-Disease 19 Twenty-Six Letters 119

Valentine Poem for Cathy Pompe's Kids at St Paul's Primary School, Cambridge, A 108 Visiting Mrs Neverley .76

Twenty-six cards in half a pack 119 Twinkle, twinkle, little star 114

W

Waiting Game, The 42 Waking at Night 113 Weather 34 What has happened? Is this me? 113 What is this life if, full of care 121 When I lie in bed 112 When I live in a Cottage 6 When I see you 117 When I'm bored I count things 13 When people call this beast to mind 66 Whenever the moon and stars are set 106 Where are you going to, my pretty maid? 87 Where do you come from, sea 83 Where Go the Boats? 82 White men in Africa 66 Who killed Cock Robin? 96 Who's killed the leaves? 98 "Who's that tickling my back?" said the wall 45 Who's There? 52 Wind in the Grass, The 33 Window, The 7 Windy Nights 106 Wire, briar, limber-lock 65 With a rocketing rip 46 Worm 54 Wynken, Blynken and Nod 20 Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night 20



INDEX OF AUTHORS S

A

Agard, John 55, 72 Amadiume, Ifi 73

B

Belloc, Hilaire 66, 108 Browning, Robert 38

C

Causley, Charles 53, 83 Clare, John 63 Cook, Stanley 8, 11, 35 cummings, e. e. 40 Cunliffe, John 55

D

Davies, W. H. 33, 121 De la Mare, Walter 7, 32, 104, 111 Doherty, Berlie 112 Douglas, Lord Alfred 64

E

Edwards, Richard 13, 48 Emerson, Ralph W. 33 Ewart, Gavin 66

F

Farjeon, Eleanor 6, 78, 113 Fatchen, Max 7, 49 Field, Eugene 20 Follen, Eliza Lee 56

G

Giovanni, Nikki 14, 38 Grahame, Kenneth 62 Greenfield, Eloise 92 Gross, Philip 76

H

Heath-Stubbs, John 66 Hood, Thomas 58, 118 Hughes, Langston 91 Hughes, Ted 17, 19, 46, 54, 70, 98

I

Lawrence, D. H. 59 Lear, Edward 24

M

Mahy, Margaret 16
Masefield, John 82
Mayer, Gerda 119
McLeod, Irene 60
Mearns, Hughes 73
McGough, Roger 105, 117
Merriam, Eve 34, 100
Milne, A. A. 50, 74
Mitchell, Adrian 23, 61, 108
Mole, John 42

N

Nesbit, E. 39 Nichols, Grace 9, 36, 68, 110 Nicholls, Judith 52

R

Reeves, James 22, 44, 84, 119 Rieu, E. V. 26, 79 Rosen, Michael 12, 117 Rossetti, Christina 45, 46, 109

S

Sandburg, Carl 35 Serraillier, Ian 45 Sitwell, Edith 28 Stephens, James 47, 69 Stevenson, Robert Louis 80, 82, 106, 109

T

Taylor, Jane 114
Thomas, Dylan 93
Thomas, Edward 81

W

Watts, Isaac 118
Westrup, J. M. 110
Williams, William Carlos 10
Wright, Kit 92, 102, 116, 120



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